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Poetry.

THEIR ANGELS.

BY ADELINE T. D. WHITNEY.

My heart is lonely as heart can be,
And the cry of Rachel goes up from me,
For the tender faces unforgot
Of the little children that are not;
Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;
But life goes forward and will not stay;
And He who made it has made it right;
Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight,
Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound,
Violet heaped, in the sweet grove ground;
Twenty years that have bloomed and spread
Over the little baby head;
And oh! I know
She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Out from the Father, and into life;
Back to His breast from the ended strife
And the finished labor. I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was Child and Lord,
And I know that so
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Given back with the gain. The secret this
Of the blessed Kingdom of Children is!
My mother's arms are waiting for me;
I shall lay my head on my Father's knee;
For so, I know,
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And men and women grow gray and old;
But behind the world is an inner place
Where yet their angels behold God's face.
And lo! we know,
That only the children can see Him so!

Our Story Teller.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN.

"For Three Years, or During the War."

Et Home In a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN McELROY,
Author of "Andersonville: A Story of Southern Prisons."

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

AFTER THE BATTLE—GATHERING UP THE WOUNDED AND BURYING THE DEAD—KARL'S FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO WINNOW A LITTLE SPECIAL INFORMATION OUT OF A BUSHEL OF GENEALOGICAL CHAFF.

Having made Karl and the Rebel Sergeant as comfortable as possible in the "A" tent belonging to the File, they left them there until the overwork Surgeons—the sick hearted Surgeons, each grimed with the blood of hundreds, each toiling his sad way thru the serried rows of desperately wounded, binding a gaping hurt here, stanching the flowing blood there, giving cheery faith on the right hand and on the left counseling calm resignation to the inevitable—could reach them in their rounds, to give them the attention they needed.

Meanwhile O'Neil, Walter and Stock hurried back to the Landing in search of Bronson. When they reacht the spot whither they had carried him, on Sunday afternoon, he was gone. He had doubtless been carried upon one of the boats lying in the River, and it would be a hopeless search for him among the thousands of hurt gathered there. They would have to wait. He could not let much time pass without letting them know what had become of him, and how he was getting along.

With this they plodded back, thru the darkness and the heavily falling rain, to their tent, to find that Karl and the Rebel, despite their wounds, were fast asleep.

Too unutterably weary to even seek for food to stay stomachs that had been keeping nearly an unbroken fast for the past 48 hours, the rest followed their example, and crawling in—undrest—upon the wet blankets, were soon oblivious to all earthly things.

The next day began that saddest of soldierly experiences: the work of repair, readjustment, and the removal of the *debris* of a great battle. While those of the forces of Buell, which had arrived too late to take part in the battle followed in pursuit of the enemy. The bruised and shattered regiments which had fought thru the terrible two days were employed in collecting and burying their dead, caring for their wounded, and restoring their battered organizations.

The carnage had been fearful. Of the 40,000 men whom Albert Sidney Johnson and Beauregard had led out of Corinth on Thursday, Beauregard took back but little over 20,000 on Tuesday morning. He had left 1,728 dead upon the field, 8,011 wounded, and the remainder were missing. Of every four, one had fallen. Our loss had been proportionately great. In Grant's and Buell's armies 1,100 had been killed, 7,495 wounded, and 3,022 taken prisoners.

All over the 10 square miles over which the battle raged the dead lay thickly. The greater part were in long lines, marking the positions their Divisions held during the successive murderous duels between opposing lines, which markt the progress of the fight. A hundred yards or more from the line of blue clad corpses, lay invariably a similar row of butternut garbed bodies, marking the line of the Rebels. It was a realistic carrying out of the simile of the "Harvest of Death," for the long regular lines were mighty swaths, left by the scythe of the Grim Reaper.

For days the sorrowful work of hunting for dead and wounded comrades among the score of thousands stretcht upon that field of death went on. The woods and the thick underbrush made the task very difficult, by concealing the bodies of the fallen. The terrible storm of musketry and artillery missiles which had swept the scene of strife had cut down even large trees, torn off limbs, and literally mowed down the brush in places. It was marvelous how any one exposed to that blast had escaped instant mutilation and immediate death. Frequently those who were wounded or killed were afterwards covered with great heaps of these shot shorn limbs and brush. The fires which had been started by the bursting shells, and fed by the dry dead woods of the deadening, communicated itself to these piles, and in many instances roasted the helpless wounded to death.

Walter and his companions found the dead and wounded of Company A on the first day, removed the latter to tents to await transfer to the hospital, and gave the former as ceremonious a burial as the occasion and their means would admit of.

They found the body of Orderly Sergeant Hamilton lying under the peach tree where they had left it, but the drenching rain had washt from his firm thin face the delicate vail of soft peach blooms, and left it haggard and ghastly, with staring blue eyes, and firm set teeth gleaming thru the half unclosed lips. The grapeshot which had past thru his heart had drowned in blood a package of daintily address envelopes and a picture case, which, on being opened, showed a ringlet of woman's hair, and a little curl clipt from the temple of a babe, lying on the glass that covered the likeness of a sweet faced, high browed woman, holding an infant upon her knee.

"It is his wife and child," said Walter, closing the case softly, "and these are her letters. We will send them back to her just as they are. Their price is now above rubies."

They buried the Sergeant at the foot of the peach tree, and cut his name deep into the soft, smooth bark.

On returning to the tent Karl and the Rebel Sergeant were found to be getting along famously. The Surgeon had paid them a visit, dresst the Rebel's wound, taht he pronounced merely a flesh affair, which would heal speedily, and gave Karl such medicine as he needed, accompanying it with the admonition that his was a serious case, making it necessary that he should preserve the most absolute quiet, refraining even from talking more than was absolutely necessary. Karl's idea as to what was absolutely necessary would hardly bear the test of the worthy doctor's examination, for he was burning with an anxiety that made him forget all pain, to engage the Sergeant in conversation, and glean from him all that it was possible to get him to communicate in regard to his home, family, and above all his charming cousin Artemisia.

Serg. Atherton had thawed out under the kindness he was receiving and became quite communicative, talking along in that garrulous unintermittence customary with Southerners, when themselves or families are the subjects of the conversation.

He gave the genealogy of the Athertons from the time—it seemed to Karl—that they had first set foot on Mt. Ararat out of the stranded ark. He detailed their peculiarities, their wonderful courage and high intellectual abilities, their multiplication, like the seed of Abraham; the ramifications of the family tree into every part of the South, and the unvarying fact that its branches inevitably formed part of the very highest social foliage wherever they might be found.

"Dis ting can't last *always*" said Karl to himself; "he vil get troo talking about de Athertons *sometime*, aut den maybe we'll hear some ting about de odder branches of de family. If he vil only get us as much in regart to dem, I vil stant it all blessantly."

The Sergeant threw out an exhausted quid from his mouth, as if he had been squeezing from it the information relative to the Athertons, took a long drink of water, cut off with a dirk knife from a large plug of natural leaf, a fresh chew, which he placed in his mouth and began to masticate it slowly, as if to evolve materials for a fresh start, and then started off about the Cunninghams, who were the first in modern times to commingle their blood with the deeply blue stream that flowed thru the veins of the Athertons. It was only as one star differeth from another in glory that they differed from the Athertons. In every other respect they were precisely alike; he was as proud that his middle name was Cunningham as that his last was Atherton, and it took him another hour to pump out of the quid as voluminous details in regard to the Cunninghams, as he had extracted from the other in relation to the kith and kin whose name he bore.

When he at last stopt, threw the exhausted quid from his mouth with the dextrous motion acquired by long practice, and took another drink of water, Karl prest his buzzing head, which seemed to be dancing a frantic waltz to the best of the hundred fold reiterated "Cunningham-Atherton," "Atherton-Cunningham," "first families in the country, sir," and murmured inwardly:

"Now, den, he *must* be troo. He has mentioned efery respectable man in de Suddern Confederacy except de Simpkinses, and if he says any more it must be about dem."

The Sergeant slowly hewed off another chew of tobacco with his savage looking dirk, pieced it meditatively in his mouth, raised the spring, and let the dirk close with a vicious snap, adjusted his wounded leg a little more to his comfort, and addrest himself again to speech:

"Now he vil talk about *her* folks and *her*," thot Karl, and his eyes shone with anticipation.

One, two, three vigorous crunches of the Sergeant's jaw upon the compact quid, seemed to reduce it to an information-yielding condition, and he began:

"I haven't told you yet about the Randolphs. There's where I get my first name. Of course, you've heard of old John Randolph, of Roanoke, who belonged to one of the very first families of Old Virginia, and was a direct descendant of the Indian Princess Pocahontas. He was a grand nephew of Peyton Randolph, the President of the first Continental Congress, and the second son of Sir John Randolph, who belonged to one of the oldest and noblest families in Old England. My mother's father was own cousin to John Randolph, of Roanoke, and second cousin to the Randolphs, of Mecklinburg, North Carolina, and brother to Sidney Randolph, of Jessamine County, Georgia, and"—and for another hour that quid exuded information in regard to the Randolphs.

When he at last stopt, Karl was desperate. He resolved to make a bold stroke to introduce the long-deferred Simpkinses, and as the Sergeant was reloading for a fresh start, he ventured to say:

"Let me see: didn't you say something about de Simpkinses marrying into your family? I once knew some people of dat name."

"Did I say anything about them? I really don't remember it. Any way they're late comers into the family—only came in in the last generation. That was 50 years after the Randolph's came in. Before them came the Randalls, the Robertees, the McChesneys and the Gibsons. I'll tell you all about them some time, but I'm awful tired and sleepy, now, and my leg's beginning to hurt again. I'll try to go to sleep. Good night."

"Great heavens!" mentally ejaculated Karl. "De war vill be over before dat fellow gets to anywheres near de Simpkinses."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A MESSAGE FROM BEAUREGARD—WHY HE RETIRED FROM THE FIELD—THE FIRST PARADE AFTER THE BATTLE—PROMOTION OF THE FILE—DISGRACE OF PEORY AND HIS GANG.

"You will report at 9 o'clock at Division Headquarters for duty as Orderly," said the acting First Sergeant to Walter, on the second morning after the close of the battle. Walter blackt his shoes, made his soiled uniform as presentable as good brushing and an adjustment of several rents with pins could do it, donned as respectable a paper collar as the damaged goods of the sutler shop afforded, buckled on his waist belt and bayonet, and presented himself at Division Headquarters. He was almost immediately dispatcht with a lot of papers to Army Headquarters, where he found Gen. Grant surrounded by his staff, and all hard at work with papers, reports, communications, etc. As he presented his papers, and stood waiting the pleasure of their recipients, there came a clatter outside of some one riding up in haste. A moment later a young Lieutenant entered, uncovered, saluted, and extended an envelop, saying:

"Here is a message from Gen Beauregard, which has just been received at the front under a flag of truce."

There was a buzz of exclamations of interest from all in the headquarters except the General himself, who replaced in his mouth the cigar he held in his right hand, and reaching for the envelop, broke its seal as composedly as if it were only an invitation to dinner with a friend. As he read the contents, the ghost of an ironical smile lightened up his face for an instant. He handed the missive to Col. Webster, who, with the rest were crowding eagerly around to learn the nature of the important message, and said:

"Read it aloud, Webster."

The Colonel read:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, MONDAY, April 8, 1862.

SIR:—At the close of the conflict yesterday, my forces being exhausted by the extraordinary length of time during which they were engaged with yours on that and the preceding day, and it being apparent that you had received and were still receiving reinforcements, I felt it my duty to withdraw my troops from the immediate scene of the conflict.

Under these circumstances, according with usages of war, I shall transmit this under a flag of truce, to ask permission to send a mounted party to the battle-field of Shiloh, for the purpose of giving decent interment to my dead.

Certain gentlemen wishing to avail themselves of this to remove the remains of their sons and friends, I must request for them the privilege of accompanying the burial party; and in this connection, I deem it proper to say, I am asking only what I have extended to your own countrymen, under similar circumstances.

General, respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General commanding.

To Major-General U. S. Grant, commanding the United States forces near Pittsburg, Tenn.:

Astonishment caused a momentary silence, broken at last by the impetuous Gen. Rawlings saying:

"Well, by ——! if that *ain't* cool."

"As a letter writer he beats Buckner," said Col. Webster.

"No doubt the little Frenchman regrets that circumstances made him leave us so unceremoniously, but we will have to excuse him," said a strange officer.

"I believe, General," said Col. McPherson, "I should answer by assuring him that no apologies for his leaving the field are necessary. We quite understand why he went away, and that we expected quite as much hurry about it as he displayed."

There was general laugh at this, but after some farther talk a letter was prepared for response, and read aloud. It ran:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD,
PITTSBURG, April 9, 1862.

Gen. G. T. Beauregard, commanding Confederate Army of the Mississippi, Monterey, Tenn.:

GENERAL:—Your dispatch of yesterday just received. Owing to the warmth of the weather, I deemed it advisable to have all the dead of both parties buried immediately. Heavy details were made for this purpose, and it is now accomplished. There cannot therefore be any necessity of admitting within our lines the parties you desire to send on the grounds asked. I shall always be glad to extend any courtesy consistent with duty, especially so when dictated by humanity.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General.

The next evening a regimental dress parade was ordered—the first that had been held since the battle. Walter's eyes were not accustomed to tears,—but these came there with a womanish readiness as he looked down the shrunken line, and saw that its fearful curtailment told more eloquently than words, or the dull figures of morning reports, how much it had suffered. The 10 companies now occupied less space than three used to at Cairo. The magnificent front, that in the parades on the Mississippi levees had stretcht out for nearly half a mile, was now dwindled down to a hundred paces. The band which always went from right to left playing the "Grand March in Norma," in measured, stately time, now did not get half thru with its tune before the end of the line was reacht, and it had to turn and come back, with its usual quickstep, that was in turn cut off in the middle by the suddenness of reaching the right of the line. The strange voices of Sergeants and Second Lieutenants repeated the commands to the companies that for a year Walter had been accustomed to hearing from the lips of Captains and First Lieutenants, who were now lying in the hospitals or in their graves. The Major—with his arm in a sling, was standing in the position of Commander of the Regiment. A young Second Lieutenant—with his head bound up—was doing the duty of the dead Adjutant. Everything appeared unnatural and disjointed; so tattered and broken was the Regiment, that it made the whole world seem awry. Such is always the case when a Regiment first comes together on parade after a terrible battle.

The sorrowful parade was nearly done. The band had "beaten off" and returned to its place on the right—the last notes of its quickstep ringing thru the woods and over the graves of the freshly fallen with the painful jar of mistimed vivacity. When the bugle had played a "retreat," it seemed to degenerate into a wail. The Major commanding had put the Regiment thru a few exercises, and then sheathing his sword, ordered the acting Adjutant to

"Publish the orders, sir." And the Adjutant, saluting, passed to his position half way in front of the commander and the Regiment, and proclaimed:

"Attention to orders!" and read in a loud voice:

HEADQUARTERS
FIRST ILLINOIS INFANTRY,
SHILOH, TENN., April 12, 1862.

The Regimental commander takes pleasure in announcing the following promotions to fill vacancies occasioned by casualties incident to the service, and to reward conspicuous gallantry and meritorious services during the recent engagement:

I. First Duty Sergeant Patrick O'Neil to be Second Lieutenant of Company A.

II. Corporal David Bronson to be Orderly Sergeant of Company A.

III. Private Walter Armitage to be First Duty Sergeant of Company A.

IV. Private Karl Brentman to be Second Sergeant of Company A.

V. Private Adoniram Stock to be a Corporal of Company A.

* * * * * * *

A similar list of appointments for the other companies was read, and the order concluded with the usual form:

"These officers will be obeyed and respected accordingly."

Another order was not such agreeable reading. It went on to say that

The commanding officer is deeply pained to state that several members of the regiment were guilty of such disgraceful misbehavior in the face of the enemy as to make it necessary for the good of the service that they be made the objects of exemplary punishment. It is therefore ordered:

I. That Fourth Sergeant Thomas Connelly, of Company A, be reduced to the ranks, his chevrons to be removed in the presence of the Regiment on parade.

II. That Thomas Connelly, James Montgomery, William Stout, Peter Magrud Abner Jones and Jackson Brown be exhibited to the Regiment on parade as men who disgracefully abandoned their comrades in the hour of battle, and that they afterwards be employed at hard labor for a period of 60 days, in such manner and in such places as the Provost Marshal of the Army may direct.

These orders were regularly approved by the Division commander, and immediately after their being read, the Sergeant of the Guard march out in front of the Regiment, with a squad in the center of which—unarmed and as prisoners, stood Peory and his gang. Peory was ordered to step forward, and the Sergeant of the Guard, ript from his arms and legs the chevrons and stripes which indicated his Sergeantcy. The six were then marcht in front of the Regiment from right to left, and returned to the Guard House, to be handed over to the Provost Marshal.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HER MORTAL ENEMY.

And How She Overcame Him

A Story of a Woman's Ways.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Several hours have gone by, and the little drab day has already dropped into the maw of the huge and hungry night. It was not unlovely while it lived, and nobody regrets it now that it is dead. Probably to-morrow will bring a little brother quite as ugly; but for the moment we may forget it, now that the curtains are heavily down-dropped, and the lamps steadily burning under gay shades. Lights in the rooms, lights in the passages, lights everywhere, save in the playroom, where the Christmas tree stands with all his peg-tops and trumpets, with his crowning doll still poised on one leg, in the dark, forgotten and eclipsed. Yes; eclipsed, and thrust into the shade by a newer topic of interest—by Gillian's going; for Gillian is going. Her high looks and fiery words—her wreathed neck and flaming cheeks—have been among the utterly null and waste things of this wasteful world.

Nobody seems one penny the worse for them; and the brougham is ordered to be at the door at seven o'clock. It is not seven yet, however. There is still a spare half hour. A sensible girl would be spending it in solid eating—one can eat a very great deal in half an hour—in up-building herself to defy the raw night and the railway buns; but Gillian is doing nothing of the kind. She is sitting with her uncle in his study, giving him her last mournful commands and prohibitions, which he is receiving with his usual complete teachableness. Her head is resting on his shoulder, and tears of mortification and sorrow are welling into her eyes and flowing over their brims. Sometimes she wipes them away; sometimes he does; sometimes they remain unwiped.

"I suppose it is the best thing to do," says the Squire, in a dolorous sort of voice; "I suppose we could not do otherwise?" A moment later, with a rather more cheerful intonation: "I think he seems an honest fellow, Gill."

"*Do* you?" says Gillian, with expressive accentuation. "I am sorry to differ from you, dear; but I think, as far as one can judge from appearances, that he has quite one of the worst countenances I ever beheld."

"Has he?" replies the Squire, meekly. "I am no great physiognomist; I dare say you are right."

A pause.

"I can not think what you will do without me," says Gillian, with unconscious conceit, sadly gazing at the glowing coals, as pictures of the total disorganization of family, house, and village consequent on her departure, march gloomily through her mind.

"I am sure I can not think," echoes the poor Squire, humbly.

"I fear you will be at sixes and sevens by the time I come back."

"I am sure we shall."

"Try to keep things together, dear," in a gentle hortatory voice—"try to keep a tight hand on the reins."

"I will try, Gill," not very confidently.

"I am a little afraid of Jane," pursues Gillian, thoughtfully; "she is a good girl, but rather inclined to be self-willed and masterful"—as if these were the last qualities with which she herself could have any sympathy. "Will you try to keep her a little in check?"

"If you wish, Gill," with less confidence.

Another pause.

"Sophia Farlton has promised to take my drunkards," continues the girl, thoughtfully. "I have left all my Temperance tracts in the order in which I wish her to read them; I am anxious that she should make no mistake. Will you remind her?"

"Yes, Gill."

Again they are silent, but so is not the wind. Plainly they can hear it raving and tearing and hustling outside.

Gillian shudders.

"What have I done to deserve a journey of a hundred and fifty miles on such a night, and in such company?" she groans with an accent of angry contempt.

"Perhaps, after all, he may not be such bad company," says the Squire, consolingly; "perhaps—who knows?—he may turn out quite a pleasant fellow!"

"I shall certainly not give him the chance," returns Gillian, with dignity. "His proximity is forced upon me, but, may, at least, be spared his conversation; nothing will induce me to open my lips to him."

"What! not between Carnforth and Euston?" raising his gray eyebrows with an air of slight incredulity.

"Undoubtedly not!"

Panoplied in this splendid resolution, Miss Latimer, now that the last half hour is up and the brougham at the snowy door, prepares to go off into the inky night with the escort, who is as yet ignorant of her sociable intentions toward him.

Totally neglected by everybody—for is not everybody fully occupied in kissing and crying over Gillian?—he is inoffensively employed in the background in putting on his own coat and drawing on a very ugly pair of woolen gloves.

"Good by, dear!" says Gillian, solemnly, and in a rather choked voice, though still with a tone of authority and admonition in it as she throws two furry arms around her uncle's neck. "Remember all I have told you, and let me find everything just as I left it when I come back."

"If you are not back by Sunday, Gill, I will take your class," cries Jane, in a confident, managing voice. "I will do the mothers' meeting and the Temperance-room—do not be afraid!"

Emila says nothing, being dumbly whimpering; and Dick began to bellow so monstrously loud that he had to be carried off, tearfully bawling that it was all the fault of those nasty candles, and ceasing his mind by hammering the face of the unoffending footman who is bearing him away.

The adieux are ended now, and Gillian turns toward the snowy night and the open brougham door, but at a sudden thought once more looks round. What has become of her maid? the main whose protecting presence is to insure her against all danger of the proximity of her obnoxious companion, for the brougham is a single one, and of course holds only two.

"Where is Griffiths? Tell her that I am waiting."

"If you please, ma'am, she has gone on in a fly with the luggage."

"Gone on in a fly with the luggage!"

At hearing these words Gillian's heart sinks with a sick pressage of misfortune. But desperate ills ask desperate remedies. Presence of mind and resolution of character have ere now saved people out of worse dilemmas than this; but, in order to effect her own rescue, she must even thus early break through her vow of silence. She turns to her fellow traveler, and says, with an air of chill decision:

"You, no doubt, wish to smoke? There is no reason why we need take a footman; you will therefore be able to go on the box."

The snow is driving into and the wind cutting her eyes as she speaks, which no doubt renders her vision imperfect, else were she not assured that it is impossible—she would say that there was a twinkle of angry mirth in her eyes, as he answers, bowing formally:

"Thank you, I do not smoke. As I have already a cold, I will, with your permission, come inside."

She cannot suggest that he shall run behind the carriage like a boy, or underneath it like a dog, which are the only alternatives; and as they are all calling to her, and bidding her make haste out of the storm, there is nothing for it but that she should put her indignant foot on the already whitened step and spring in. He follows her without a moment's delay, and the horses, fidgetty and stung with the cold, set off at once with a plunge. Even her last look at her beloved ones is spoiled by having to be thrown across her neighbor. And yet it is not very likely that he should think that any of its valedictory sweetness was meant for him, or try to appropriate it. They are off on their six hours' *tete-a-tete*; the same foot-warmer communicating its peaceable warmth to both alike; the same wolf skin rug covering both their knees, and yet with as honest an intention of being as disagreeable to each other as circumstances will allow as ever filled two human breasts. To make a good beginning, Gillian has ostentatiously contracted herself into as small a compass as she can, and shrunk up into her corner, sweeping away her fur cloak as far as may be from his neighborhood; but it is to be feared that owing to the complete darkness this action is somewhat thrown away, and that till the last hour of his life he never knows, though he may suspect, how solicitous she was on that first night of their acquaintance to shun his slightest contact. They have reached the lodge. Gillian lets down the glass, and cries out a friendly good-by in the darkness to the lodge-keeper, who, lantern in hand and shawl over head, runs out to open the gate. They are in the road now—the broad main road. It is already several inches deep in snow; but the horses are strong, and gallantly breast the long, steep hills, so there is no cause for apprehension. So Gillian thinks; and, resolving to abstract herself as much as possible from her disagreeable *entourage*, she leans back in her corner, thrusting her hands still farther into her muff, and raising her shoulders so as to sink her neck more deeply into her fur tippet, like a bird's head into its feathers. Her mind travels first back into the past, confidently, for she knows the road is pleasant; into her own full busy life, a life of guiding, ordering, managing. She sighs gently, and repeats to herself the apprehension she had already expressed to her uncle:

"What *will* they do without me?"

Then her mood of self complacent regret melts and changes. It is the future, which she is now facing; the future, through whose haze looms, the figure—little known, yet how much dreaded—of her father; the father, old, very old—old enough to be her grandfather—with whom she has never lived, in separation from whom her mother passed the best years of her short and blameless life; who, for as long as Gillian can remember, has not been on speaking terms with her uncle; concerning whose mode of life she knows absolutely nothing, save what she has gathered from a few dark hints picked up hap-hazard here and there; hints which imply that it were better she should not know. She is roused from her meditations by the sound of a movement of some kind on the part of her companion. It is too dark to see what he is about. Is he going to sneeze? In her present mood even this would seem an impertinence. I do not think that even a pick purse motion of his hand in the direction of her own pocket would greatly surprise her. She was not long left in doubt. The indeterminate sounds of stirring and seeking on his part are soon exchanged for the distinct scrape and scratch of lighting a match; and now a little point of flame has sprung into being, and is dimly seen to be protected from death by a woolen gloved hand. Then there comes another little sound, as of a lantern being opened, and the next moment the match's unsteady light is communicated to the candle in a small carriage lamp, and is burning clear and steady. Then a voice comes:

"Do you object to the light?" he asks, curtly, in a tone of almost as much contained hostility as her own; "because, if not, I should be glad to read."

For a moment she demurs, unwilling to accede to any proposal made by him, however harmless, or in itself even desirable; loth to give her consent to anything that is likely to promote his comfort.

"It cannot affect you much," he goes on, impatiently, while she feels, without seeing, that through the obscurity he is glowering at her—"it will not hinder your sleeping if you wish. We have neither of us any desire to talk; and to get an undisturbed hour's reading is a great object to me." He stops, awaiting her answer.

She must give one of some kind or other.

"Pray do as you please," she says, graciously; "it is a matter of complete indifference to me."

But it is not. However, he requires no further permission, but at once fastens the lamp by its little hook into the cushion behind him, and takes out a book. Gillian tries to resume her meditations, and to pick them up again at the point where they had been broken off; tries to summon up again the image of her father, and to remember in order her instructions to do him good, whether he likes it or not. But it is no use. It is true that the candle is no annoyance to her personally, since her head and eyes are in deep shade. The modest light falls on the open book, on the wolf skin rug on Burnet's woolen fingers as he turns the page; but the idea of it teases her. There is also a new sense of offense and brooding injury in her breast. His neither of us has any desire to talk" prudishness in her mind. If it is undoubtedly true, yet it is not his part to say so. Though, of course, nothing would induce *her* to converse, yet he ought to be not only willing but anxious to do so, did she give him an opening. By and by that curiosity which has beset us all in our day, which countless times has prompted us in boat and train and public conveyance, to find out what our unknown companion is reading, and a peep, as through a loop hole, into his mind, begins to worry her. Even from the comparatively distant fastness of her corner, she can make out that the broad and clearly printed page outspread on her neighbor's knees belongs to the "Nineteenth Century": but what the special article is that engages his attention is more than she can decipher. Only it has a light and winsome look, large islands of verse apparently swimming in little seas of prose.

After resisting the temptation for some time, she at last edges a little nearer, quite noiselessly, and without any danger of detection, as she flatters herself. Finding that nothing can be easier, she begins, almost before she is aware, to read over her enemy's shoulder with him. It is apparently a paper on the Greek anthology, in which little jewels of Greek fancy, Greek love, Greek sorrow, deftly done into English verse of different metres, sparkle and blaze on threads of prose. Some minutes pass. She had read a page and a half, and has forgotten the snow storm, her father, Burnet, and herself. Her eyes are eagerly traveling over this paragraph:

"The next is Elizabethan, too, if I may classify my poets, but full of epithets almost impossible to English.

"I cry you, love, at earliest break of day;
But now, even now, his wings the wanderer spread
And passed away,
Leaving his empty bed.

"Ho! ye that meet the bor—for such is he—
Full of sweet tears and wit, a fickle sprite,
Laughing and free,
With wings and quiver bright!

"Yet know I not on whom to father love,
For earth denies the wanton child his name,
And air above,
And the broad sea the same.

"With each and all he lives at feud. Beware,
Lest while I speak he cast
A dainty snare
Over your hearts at last.

"But, see—"

At this point, and while she is still six lines from the bottom, a woolen finger and thumb smartly turns over the page and whips the rest of the poem away from her right.

Involuntarily she utters a little inarticulate cry, and half stretches out her hand in prohibition. The sound and the action together recall her to herself. In a moment she has shrunk up again in her corner, shamed, remorseful, red, and hoping that her lapse from dignity and self-respect has been perceived by no one but herself. But in this she is apparently mistaken.

"Did you speak?" he says, lifting his eyes.

"No—o!" she stammers: "I—I—only coughed."

"I beg your pardon," he rejoins, drily; "I thought you spoke."

For the rest of the distance before Carnforth is reached, Gillian sits as still as a mouse, gnawed by angry self-reproach, excrating the Greek anthology, and forgetting even to think of how much they are missing her at home.

CHAPTER V.

Carnforth station is very empty when they arrive there. The wind, with its long, stinging lash, seems to have driven every one off the platform, except the porters and a few ulstered, comforted men, stamping up and down, waiting for the night train.

In the waiting room Gillian finds half a dozen chilly, mulled women, who grudgingly make way for her to draw in her chair also, and put her boots on the fender.

The train is late. It seems to Gillian that she spends a long time staring at the big lumps of coal and the plentiful ashes in the dirty grate, before the sounds of distant whistle and near bell tell her that it is coming. Then all the other women pick up their bags and boxes and hurry away, either alone or beckoned off by a summoning husband. Her own escort is the last to appear, but at length he, too, puts in his head.

"Will you come, please?"

She follows him in silence along the platform; having arrived at the door of empty carriage, into which he motions her sneks:

"Will you tell my maid, please? I always have her in the same carriage with me."

"I am afraid that you will have to do without her to night," he answers, not offering to move. "I have just ascertained that neither she nor your luggage has yet arrived."

"Not arrived!" cries Gillian, in a voice of consternation, facing him in the windy gas-light; "and you suppose that I am going to set off without her! Quite impossible! Of course I shall wait!"

"That is much more impossible," rejoins Burnet, firmly; "there is no other train till 7 5 to-morrow morning. I have left word that she is to follow you as soon as possible. I think I must ask you to get in, please."

He looks so resolved, and the porters are beginning to shut the carriage doors so quickly, and her own mind is in such a whirl of doubt and disgust, that there is nothing for it but to obey. Put to the rout for the third time within six hours, she stumbles up the high step, blinded with rage. Again they are off; embarked now upon the second and larger half of their unnatural *tete-a-tete*. There is but one improvement upon the first part in it, and that is that they may at least be further away from each other. There need be now no contact of hostile sleeves, no enforced partnership in one rug.

Gillian's window is down, and through it, as they begin to move more quickly, the cutting night-wind comes in full blast. Without speaking, Burnet crosses over from his own seat and begins to draw up the sash. She has certainly every wish that it should be up, and had he left it alone, would undoubtedly have pulled it up herself; but now, since he is doing her this little service without asking her leave, a spirit of foolish and irrational contradiction prompts her to put her hand upon it, and say, stiffly:

"Excuse me, I prefer it down."

"*Down!*" he repeats, in an accent of excessive astonishment, looking hard at her with unconcealed incredulity in his eyes—"*to night!* Are you serious?"

"Certainly I am," she replies, shortly, nettled at the suggestion of it being possible that she should indulge in pleasantry with him, and doubly exasperated by the consciousness that she is making a fool of herself; "I like air."

"Indeed," he says, with a dry smile and a shrug, "you will certainly have plenty of it"; and so returns to his corner and puts on another coat.

Gillian remains the victor; but in this, as in many other cases, how much worse is the victory than defeat! Before five minutes are over, what would she not have given to be beaten in the conflict! Was there ever a wind that carried so much ice and so many knives with it as that which—strong as a furnace blast, cold as death—is now cruelly blowing full against her, and seems to cut her face into ribbons? See holds up her muff to try and protect herself a little, but the knife wind gets over and under and through on both sides of it—runs in terrible play up her sleeves, laughs at her furs, and derides her wraps. Is there one drop of blood in her veins that is not frozen? She bears it with senseless Spartanhood for as long as endurance is possible. To her it appears several hours; in reality, it is probably about ten minutes. Then, looking furtively toward her enemy, and perceiving that he has every appearance of being asleep, with head sunk on his chest and hat tilted over his eyes, she begins cautiously to try and pull up the sash. But her numbed hands have lost most of their power, and the window is stiff; tug and tug as she may, she cannot get it to stir. She desists at last, and in despair changes her seat—takes the middle place; but the wind, now carrying sleet also with it, reaches her there too. She sits with her back to the engine, but all is of no avail. The whole carriage is turned into an ice-house. Once again she glances toward her neighbor. Apparently he is still sleeping like a baby. She tries again at the window, standing up this time so as to bring more force to bear upon it. But her struggles are absolutely useless.

She leaves off at last, and sinks desperately into her original corner—the most exposed in the whole carriage, while into her smarting eyes tears of utter physical wretchedness of mortification, and yet of anger too, still creep saltily. What but one destitute of all delicate and gentlemanlike feeling could sleep through such a crisis? She is sitting with her muff again lifted to and pressed against her face, when a sudden voice beside her startles her.

"Do you still like air? or have you had enough?"

She looks up hastily, her pride and self-respect too much drowned and swallowed up in bodily misery for her to remember or heed that rapidly freezing tears are on her cheeks, and that he can distinctly see them. Mutely, for she feels as if her voice was frozen too, she motions toward the window, but apparently this time he will not proceed without the most distinct instructions from her.

"Am I to understand that you wish it shut?" he asks, formally, without a tinge of apparent compassion, but not without a distinct suspicion of stifled entertainment in his voice.

"Shut! shut!" she gasps, half-sobbing, while her teeth chatter so much as to render her scarcely intelligible.

In a moment, forced by a good, strong jerk, the shielding pane interposes its slight but potent barrier between her and the dread forces of the night.

Burnet returns to his seat, and sneezes several times.

She has at least the comfort of thinking that she has made his cold distinctly worse. It is, perhaps, well that she should have this one morose consolation, for certainly it is her only one. Her body has been so thoroughly chilled that through the whole long journey she is quite unable to raise its temperature again to anything like an agreeable or wholesome level. She is too cold to sleep, too cold to read, too cold to think connectedly of anything but her own coldness. It seems to her that there will never be an end to this chill rushing through the raven night; this flashing through deserted stations; this flickering of the faint lamp on the cushions and on the muffled form of the silent man at the other end of the carriage. His absolute motionlessness gets upon her nerves at last. In point of fact, he is sleeping the honest sleep of a tired man, who has not been in bed for three nights. But to her it seems, in her overwrought state, that to be so absolutely still he must be dead. She is quite relieved when he wakes, sneezes again, and alters his posture a little, even though his eyes in opening meet hers, nervously peering at and fixed upon him. Cheered by no friendly companionship, lightened by no chat, shortened by no slumber, the dreary night walks on. It is one o'clock in the morning when at length they draw up along the platform at Euston. Having no luggage, they get off easily and quickly, and are soon jogging and bumping in all the ineffable discomfort of a cold and yet stuffy four wheeler, along the streets and thoroughfares, still wakeful and astir.

From Euston to Belgravia is, as we all know, a considerable distance. Progress over the frozen pavement and the slippery asphalt with a jaded old horse is necessarily slow. By the time they reach —— Square, Gillian is one degree number, two degrees wearier, three degrees crosser than when she left the railway station. The door is opened by an affable but sleepy charwoman, at sight of whom Burnet utters an exclamation of surprise, and says, half to himself:

"All gone to bed, I suppose!"

Then he quickly leads the way through a cold hall and up a flight of carpetless stone stairs, then up a second flight of equally carpetless wooden ones, till they come to a standstill on a carpetless landing, outside a bedroom door.

"Will you wait here?" he asks, in a half whisper, as he puts out his knuckles to knock. She nods sullenly, and he, having been admitted by a woman in the dress of a nurse, enters. He leaves the door ajar, so she is able to get a faint view of a room indistinctly lit by fire and night light, and of a large bed.

"So it is you, is it?" she hears a small, old voice say, peevishly: "it is a comfort to think that you have not hurried your self."

"I came as quickly as I could," replies the other, quietly.

"And have you brought my Cordelia with you?" rejoins the old voice, with a little acrid laugh.

"Miss Latimer is here; will you see her to night—now?"

"God bless my soul, no!"—with a great access of ill humor—"where is the hurry? It is a pleasure that will keep."

Burnet says "Hushs" and looks apprehensively toward the door, to which indeed, he now returns, and addresses his late traveling companion: "He does not feel equal to the exertion to-night," he says, speaking with some hurry and confusion. "He prefers—"

"Thank you," replies Gillian, caustically: "you need not trouble yourself to repeat—unfortunately for me I am not deaf—it is a pleasure that will keep."

Burnet looks a little foolish, and goes back to his patient. Before long, however, he rejoins her on the landing where she is still standing; being, indeed, so unfamiliar with her father's house as not to know where else to go. Both his sharp eyes and his quick voice express sincere concern and vexation.

"I am so sorry," he begins, almost humbly; "I really do not know how to tell you; but it seems that in my absence, he has sent off all the servants—dismissed them at a moment's notice. It was one of his freaks; he did it once before. There is not a soul left in the house but the charwoman who let us in."

As Gillian remains stup

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

Entered at the Post Office at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

AMERICAN politics have no further interest for HUGH J. JEWETT, and so he is off for Europe.

NEW YORK *Commercial Advertiser:* The Spring suits of Chicago women are mostly for divorce.

HON. JOHN C. NEW says that as far as Indiana is concerned the Democrats could not have selected a weaker ticket.

"THE truly good Deacon" RICHARD SMITH gets back on his old persecutor thus:

SATAN came near foreclosing upon CHAS. A. DANA Monday evening. Another warning. It may be the last.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* asserts that the English sparrows have driven the squirrels from Court Square in Memphis, Tenn.

CINCINNATI *Sun:*

"How slim is Sara Bernhart, pa,
That shadow of a shader!"
"Hi boy, don't jest about her as this
Ah poetic lunacide."

THE New York *Tribune* suggests that a National Mass Convention of those who *didn't* want the nomination at Cincinnati, be held now. It would be extremely well attended.

THE exports of cotton from New York last year were 10 908 bales, against 1,474 for the corresponding week of last year. The value of exports from New York for the last four weeks was about $10,000,000.

THE Sultan of Turkey, poor as he is, can yet give magnificent presents. When Lady LAYARD left Constantinople, she was the recipient of a diamond costing about $35,000, besides numerous other valuable gifts.

BURLINGTON *Hawkeye:*

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

When asked from whence he comes,
Our choice reply shall be,
He hails from Indiana,
And belonged to the K. G. C.

GUNNISON, Colorado, which a year ago had but 50 inhabitants, has now more than 2 000, and claims to be doubling its population every month. It has arrived at the dignity of a bright, lively newspaper—the *News*—which says it has come to stay, as we assuredly hope it has.

THE breaking of the levee between Quincy and Hannibal, Wednesday, has caused great destruction of property. Some of the richest farming land in Illinois is overflowed. And yet levees are still to be maintained as the only way to control the current of the Mississippi.

THUS far the expulsion of the Jesuits in France has been attended with no disturbance although intense feeling has been displayed. It is said that the women are the most violent in their denunciations of the course of the Government, and they treat the retiring priests as martyrs, many kneeling upon the stones to be blessed by the proscripts.

A KEEN political observer suggested that HANCOCK'S chief weakness in the struggle for the Presidency lies in the fact that he is a representative of the West Point idea. The enthusiasm over HANCOCK'S name, he thinks was at flood tide immediately after his nomination.

THE Chinese have the same disease as Chicago and St. Louis, leading them to multiply figures in their population. It has always been supposed owing to their own assertions that China had 450 000,000 or 500,000,000 people, whereas recent inquiries show that it has less than 200,000,000. Something of a fall.

IN contrast to the cowardice exhibited by the host officers in some of the accidents lately come out in bold relief, the Captain of the burned steamer "Seawanhaka," who stood manfully at his post while the flames burned the floor at his feet, and the smoke curled around his head until he had run the boat ashore and the majority of the passengers could escape. Officers and crew all acted manfully.

THE Democracy of Indiana is not a happy family by any means. McDONALD is sure that he was knifed by HENDRICKS. HENDRICKS is equally positive that it was McDONALD that had him ignored by the Convention. They both hate ENGLISH, as one who has dug the ground from beneath their feet. All three despise LANDERS, the head of the State ticket, as a bombastic demagog, and he sneers at them as a set of money grabbing old pelicans, who are as stupid as they are pompous.

THE captain of the ill fated "Narragansett" objects to being called a coward. Last Sunday evening the Rev. Mr. HARCOURT, of Jersey City, in the course of a sermon made some severe reflections upon the officers and crew of that boat. Suddenly a deep toned voice said in tones distinctly audible all over the church, "You're a liar!" The excitement was intense. The speaker was found to be a middle aged man, who, when taken to the police station gave his name as Capt. YOUNG, of the "Narragansett." He declared Mr. HARCOURT'S assertions were unqualified falsehoods, for they were as brave a set of men as ever went on a boat. He was released on bail.

A LITTLE while ago there was considerable parade made of returning some trophies taken from Rebels by Northern soldiers. The articles were returned free of charge as soon as the whereabouts of their owners could be ascertained. Here is a letter which gives a glimpse of an other side, of a similar matter.

NEWBERN, Va., June 1, 1866.

Mr. A. MCFARLAND:

SIR.—I have in my possession a pistol captured on the field of Chickamauga, engraved with your name. The pistol is one of the Smith & Wesson patent. If you desire to recover this pistol, you can do so by sending $50 to the express agent of the Adams Express Company, at Dublin, Virginia, directing him to pay it over on delivery of the pistol, in shipping condition. You address me at this place. Yours, etc.,

W. BRAMLETTE.

The pistol in question was not found on the field of Chicamauga, but taken from Col. MCMAHON'S person upon his surrender after the desperate resistance made by his Regiment—the 21st O. V. V. I.,—to overwhelming forces of the Rebels. As the pistol only cost $12 originally, the chivalrous son of Old Virginia evidently counted on making a handsome profit out of the Colonel's desire to regain possession of his old weapon.

NORTHERN MEN WITH SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES.

Did the choice of PIERCE of New Hampshire, in 1852, by the Southern leaders, prevent their making the most determined warfare upon the ideas and wishes of his section, and of the whole North?

Rather, did not his administration serve as a cover for an infinitely more aggressive advance of the Slave Power than had yet been made.

Was not his course of truckling and sycophancy to the Slave Lords so disgusting even to his own party, that it contributed greatly to drive away the hundreds of thousands of Democrats who entered the Republican party at its formation in 1854?

Was not their choice of JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania in 1856, of infinitely greater harm to the country than even that of FRANKLIN PIERCE was? Did not that supple minion of the Slave Oligarchy—whose recreancy was only bounded by his imbecility, as his imbecility was only qualified by his recreancy—venture to commit a thousand fold more outrages against the North, again Freedom and Human Rights than an Southern President would have dared to do? For four terribly long years he was the screen behind which the conspirators plotted and planned,—behind which they dug mines, and gathered arms and armyed forces to destroy the Government, be ind which they carefully prised the sword to pierce the heart of the Nation.

Was not their choice in 1864—GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, of Ohio,—virtually pledged to stop the war that was then crushing them to the earth, snatch the nearly gained victory from the hands of the victors and give it to the vanquished, and give back to the Southern Confederacy that life which was then rapidly ebbing away?

There is but one answer to these questions, and that is in the affirmative. The tightest manifestation of the subtle political craft of the Southern leaders has been their choice—for the last thirty six years—of Northern tools to carry out their basest designs. The success which has followed this policy is ample reason for its continuance. No South ern ever could have done for the South a tithe of what FILLMORE, PIERCE and BUCHANAN did, or what MCCLELLAN and GREELEY would have done had either been elected.

HANCOCK'S nomination is a continuation of the same policy. He is a man of no political ideas or convictions of any kind. He is one of the political eunuchs that are the brightest flowers of West Pointism. He takes tone and color from those around and above him. In the hands of WADE HAMPTON, *et al.*, he will be as clay in the hands of the potter; as JAMES BUCHANAN was in the hands of FLOYD, COBB, WIGFALL, etc., or as FRANKLIN PIERCE was in the hands of JEFF. DAVIS and his set.

It is not possible that the Nation will, by his election, hazard the repetition of an experiment that has never failed to be terribly disastrous to the country.

"ONLY A FIGHTING SOLDIER."

The same Democrats, who, when Gen. GRANT was first nominated, howled most savagely against the induction into the Presidential chair of "a mere ignorant, brutal soldier, whose training had precluded any knowledge of statecraft, and who knew only how to crack heads and cut throats more successfully than those opposed to him"—these very Democrats are now the warmest advocates of HANCOCK'S election. If these terms were fittingly applied to GRANT, how much more so are they to HANCOCK, who is GRANT'S intellectual inferior in every respect, and who has had none of the latter's opportunities for acquiring civil knowledge?

HANCOCK has never been anything else than a soldier—and, what is still more to the point, has never been anything but a subordinate soldier, and so has never had the opportunity of developing that large minded capacity for dealing with affairs that comes from the continued exercise of independent commands where he would be thrown upon by his own resources. Since his 16th year he has only been an executant of some one else's orders; the hand to strike where some one else's head had planned. In accepting the Democratic nomination he has only changed the nature of the service and the character of his superiors. Instead of obeying military orders he proposes to obey political directions; instead of waiting for instructions from the General of the Army and the War Department, he will shape his action according to the dictates of the Confederate Brigadiers and Northern Doughfaces to whom he has transferred his allegiance.

On the other hand, GRANT'S career after the breaking out of the Rebellion, was a constant preparation for the civil duties he afterwards assumed. Within two months after his re-entrance into the Army he began the exercise of independent commands, and there was not an hour thereafter until the close of the War that he was not charged with the lives and well-being, the safety and conduct of thousands of men and the employment of their energies in securing the best results for the good of the country. What better preparation could have been devised for the incumbency of the Chief Executiveship of the land?

If GRANT was unprepared to fill this high station, then HANCOCK has not the most infinitesimal touch of fitness for it.

A NATIONAL Democratic Convention judging by the one in Cincinnati, costs something. During its session there hotel bills amounted to $85 000. Brewers' returns show a sale of 76 000 kegs of beer, which means 8 360 000 glasses. It is estimated that the expenditure for beer and whisky by the visitors reached $235,000. One big beer saloon sold 11,100 glasses of beer in one day, besides wine and whisky. These are counted as necessary expenses. Cincinnatians rejoice over the idea that $500,000 were left in the City by their Democratic visitors.

REV FATHER KILLEEN of Bergen Point, N. J., took a summary way to compel the ordinance regarding the keeping open of saloons on Sunday to be observed. Passing one of these places a week ago he heard sounds that indicated all was not as it should be. Entering in boldly, with one sweep of his umbrella, the full glasses went tumbling to the floor from the counter, then he deliberately emptied the bottles, while the frightened proprietor took to his heels. He was compelled the next day to pay a fine of $20 for violation of the law on the complaint of Father KILLEEN.

THE PROSPECT.

The following States are as certain for GARFIELD as anything in politics is:

States.	Votes.
Colorado	3
Illinois	21
Iowa	11
Kansas	5
Maine	7
Massachusetts	13
Michigan	11
Minnesota	5
Nebraska	3
Nevada	3
New Hampshire	5
Ohio	22
Rhode Island	4
Vermont	5
Wisconsin	10
Total	128

These are equally certain to vote for HANCOCK:

Alabama	10
Arkansas	6
Delaware	3
Georgia	11
Kentucky	12
Louisiana	8
Maryland	8
Missouri	15
Mississippi	8
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	7
Tennessee	12
Texas	8
Virginia	11
West Virginia	5
	134

The probabilities are so strongly in favor of GARFIELD carrying the following as to make it almost a certainty:

California	6
Connecticut	6
Pennsylvania	29
Brought down from above	128
Total	169

The probabilities are equally emphatic in favor of HANCOCK carrying

Florida	4

which will give him 138 certain votes.

The odds in GARFIELD'S favor are very great for carrying

New Jersey	9
Oregon	3
Total	12
Brought down from above	169
Total	181

This will leave 4 votes to be gained by GARFIELD or 47 by HANCOCK to secure their respective elections. Indiana's 15 and New York's 35 votes still remain unassigned by this calculation. Should HANCOCK carry both those States he will be elected and have 3 votes to spare. But the aspect of affairs to day is that he has a much better chance of carrying Pennsylvania than New York, where the outlook is not at all encouraging to him. It seems to day that the Republicans have an equal chance in Indiana, and much more than that in New York.

Both the State and National tickets of the Democracy are received very coldly in Indiana, and there are disrupting influences at work which threaten to rend the party's bowels. ENGLISH has to encounter the active dislike which is the legitimate fruit borne by years of self-seeking at the expense of his neighbors and acquaintances. In addition to the antagonism which is always developt when a man in a rural community gains a fortune like Mr. ENGLISH'S by hard and sharp practices, he will also suffer from the bitterness felt by HENDRICKS and MCDONALD and their adherents, at the manner in which their claims were set aside for his.

Still farther is the objectionable character of the State ticket, which is headed by the distant FRANK LANDERS, who, whatever may have been his availability in the days of rampant Rag Baby lunacy, has certainly none for times when people have measurably returned to their financial senses.

These considerations increase very greatly the probability that the Republicans will carry the State, and the virulent course taken by the Democrats to secure the nullification of the Constitutional Amendments so as to increase their chances for success, shows how much alarmed they are at the outlook.

The Republican prospects are equally cheering in New York. The State is Republican when the party is united, and there is anything like an honest count. The party is united now, and there will be an honest count in New York City. The great frauds of 1868 and 1872 will not be allowed to be repeated. Whatever may be permitted the Democracy in the South, it will not be allowed to flood the ballot boxes of New York City with spurious ballots, as it has been in the habit of doing. The eyes of the people are on these tricksters, and any attempt to defeat the people's will will be severely punished.

People can prepare themselves to see Gen. GARFIELD going into office with more than 200 electoral votes behind him.

WHO CHOSE GETTYSBURG.

The Democrats are setting up a claim of credit for HANCOCK, for having selected the field at Gettysburg, where LEE was brought to a halt. If there is a corps, division or brigade commander of the Army of the Potomac who has not made a similar claim for himself, blanks should be immediately forwarded him that he may place himself alongside of his fellow officers. It is the regular thing for everybody to do who took part in that battle. They all do it. Even enlisted men swear that it was the rank and file of the army that forced the fight there in opposition to the judgment of the higher officers. Gen. JO HOOKER always maintained that the fighting at Gettysburg was part of the campaign against LEE which he communicated to his successor when he was superseded in command of the Army of the Potomac. But SICKLES has always been the loudest and most persistent claimant of the honor of having brought on the fight at such a superb position as the Union Army occupied at Gettysburg. The weight of evidence is certainly in favor of the assumption that it was no part of MEADE'S design to fight the battle where he did, and for the first two days of the engagement there was a strong disposition to censure SICKLES'S reckless ambition for personal distinction, which led him to force the fight at Gettysburg, in the hope that some event in it might make him the foremost man in the Army.

But there is no doubt in the minds of those who have studied the history of the battle carefully that all the credit there is due any man for selecting Gettysburg, belongs to Maj Gen JOHN F. REYNOLDS, who commanded the Second Corps the first day of the fight, which was brought on by his Corps and EWELL'S coming into collision as they were marching through the country in search of each other. REYNOLDS was killed shortly after the fight began, and the Second Corps was driven through the streets of Gettysburg by EWELL'S greatly superior forces. SICKLES came up to the support of the Second Corps, and the historic struggle opened in real earnest.

THE bogus Medical Colleges in Philadelphia are having a hard time of it. A number of those engaged in the work of selling diplomas have been arrested, and the rest soon will be. It is thought evidence enough has been secured to wipe out five of the Colleges.

HOMEOPATHY IN POLITICS.

We do not believe that a rotten egg can be made as good as a fresh one by only cleaning the shell.

We do not believe that a mock-auction den can be made a reputable retail establishment by simply putting out a new sign.

We do not believe that a pirate ship can be made an honest merchantman by a new figure head on the prow.

We do not believe that donning a new paper collar is as good as changing one's dirty shirt and soiled underwear.

We do not believe that another coat of whitewash on the outside of the sepulcher can make the corruption and dead men's bones within pleasant and attractive.

We do not believe that a few drops of carbolic acid can make the foulness of a sewer as wholesome and inviting as the limpid waters of a spring.

We do not believe in the application to politics of the homeopathic principle that the greater the dilution the greater the strength.

Consequently, we do not believe that the nomination or a Union soldier for the head of its ticket changes one iota of the nature of the Democratic party, purges it of a particle of disloyalty, or cleanses it of a grain of the soil of blood and crime with which it has stained itself in its half century of existence, and fifty years of warfare against the best interests of the Nation.

It would take an infinity of HANCOCK'S—not at the head of the ticket, but in the body of the party—to redeem its malignant putrescence, and make it sweet and savory to the nostrils of the people.

We have seen too many quite as good soldiers as HANCOCK enter the party, and seen how utterly powerless they were to effect any improvement in it, to have any hope that another soldier more or less can be of any avail.

What can one more loyal man, gallant General though he be, avail in a party which contains the whole of the late Southern Confederacy, all the Ku Klux Klans, the White Leaguers, the Shotgun Bands, the Rifle Clubs of the South; all the Sons of Liberty, the Knights of the Golden Circle, the Illini,—all the soldier hating, freedom hating, Union-hating Copperheads of the North—that contains everybody who fired a gun at the flag, who murdered soldiers in the field, who starved a Union prisoner in Andersonville, or who assassinated a Republican in a midnight raid upon his unsuspecting home? Nothing; absolutely nothing.

Is not Gen. HANCOCK a very small measure of whitewash to make this mountain of scarlet disloyalty as white as snow? It would seem so.

We have as much admiration for Gen HANCOCK'S soldierly career as any one, and that admiration dates back some 16 years, to a time when these new born admirers—who are now "pointing with pride to his soldierly record"—to quote their own language—were execrating the "brutal butcher," as they styled him then, for sending his soldiers into the "shambles" and for "desolating" Southern homes."

But that HANCOCK fought well at Gettysburg and the Wilderness is no reason why his candidacy should be allowed to blind us to the sinister designs of those who have seduced him into serving as a cloak—a screen, behind which they can plot and conspire to recover what they failed to win on the field.

But we have no fears of the result. We have no fears that any body is going to be deceived by his candidacy, any more than they were by MCCLELLAN'S in 1864.

The ides of November will show the people of the United States aroused once more to a vindication of the principles for which they have fought so long and victoriously. That vindication will be the humiliating and disheartening overthrow of the remnants of the Rebellion, which have made HANCOCK their standard bearer, and it will be a glorious victory for the man who stands in the foremost rank of Ohio's great sons, both in the field and in the forum—Gen. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

STUBBORN "SHE'S."

It is very comical to read the good advice which is showered upon women suffragists by men. It is given in that brotherly sort of way, that "we know so much better what you need than you do yourselves" manner, that it does seem strange these energetic females do not see the matter in the same light as their masculine advisers. But they don't. In vain are they told in moving language, that there is a vast amount of work waiting for their hands to elevate their sex. In vain are they besought to expend their surplus energies in ameliorating the condition of their suffering sisters. Vain are the efforts to convince them that to vote would soil the pretty fingers of the future wives and mothers of the Republic. Right straight on in the path marked out for themselves marches this band of misguided women who believe that they ought to have a voice in making the laws which govern them.

Susan B;
That stubborn she

and her friends visit first the Chicago Convention and then appear at Cincinnati firm in their intention to compel a recognition from one party or the other. And if will invincible has anything to with it, success is only a thing of a not very remote season.

Of course this is all wrong. It is unfortunate that these women cannot view things in a proper light, that they have got the idea of woman suffrage so thoroughly engrafted upon their minds that they look upon it as an absolute right. But one cannot help admiring their pluck and perseverence through all these years, their Spartan endurance of all the jibes and sneers that have been showered upon them *ad infinitum*. Nothing dampens their ardor, nothing has yet been able to make them turn their backs upon their foes. How many charitable institutions could have been run, how much good home and foreign mission work could have been done with all of this energy, courage and fortitude. Angels weep over these lost opportunities.

IN 1878 a law was made in California that any one removing a dead body without a permit, for which $10 must be paid, should be subject to fine and imprisonment. The Chinese did not like this, as they were in the habit of exhuming their dead and sending them home to China. A test case was made which was taken to the United States Circuit Court, and recently decided against the Cainaman. Henceforth then, the Chinese dead that are taken back to China will be worth $10 to the State of California.

FROM COLORADO.

Something About the Different Kinds of Mining—Mining Laws of the United States—The Laws of Colorado—What is Required to Locate a Claim—Different Mines Located and Their Production—Putting up of New Mills for the Reduction of Ore.

SILVER CLIFF, June 23, 1880.

To the Editor of the Blade:

In reviewing the history of a few of the individual mines about this district, my motive is to give a general resume of the mining art at the present day, as also to convey some facts in these particular cases. The art of mining is so little advanced, that the theories of anyone deposit, are as diverse with two or more experts, as are the theories of the future life, evolved by the different philosophies during the past thirty centuries.

GULCH OR PLACER MINING,

involves the simplest form of apparatus, and the plainest form of deposit; hence all the old miners will seek such deposits because they can measure the probabilities best. A little logic, philosophy and observation of facts traces the free gold of gulches to their sources, as the deposits of the Ganges or Mississippi is traced to the mountain sources. The surface, or float indications are the guide to the sub-surface or lode, or deposit wherein the free gold is combined with the baser material, iron, lead, sulphur, zinc, silver, etc., etc. A Gulch Deposit is limited in area, and soon exhausted; it may be compared to the open bottom, or river arias of land, which the Indian tribes cultivated, and the vein, lode and sub surface aria to that of the great fields of cleared lands in modern agriculture. As a rule the Indian, the ranchman and the bull driver, never acquire

A PERMANENT PROPERTY,

but retire from the field of civilization and so the miner and prospector seek new fields away from machinery, and systematic mining. A prospector is an invaluable element in the history of this branch of branch of industry. He is poor, reckless honest and alert in his line, but usually every melting of the snows finds him hopelessly bankrupt. Some friends offer to supply him with provisions, a burro or pack mule, some clothing with pick and shovel and sends him out on a "tour" for the Summer upon condition that he gives him, the capitalist, one half or two-thirds of the entire mineral land he secures meanwhile.

In staking said claims he must observe and comply with the laws in such cases. The

MINING LAWS

of the United States were very imperfect and conflicting till the session of 1872, when most of the acts now in force were enacted and published. Section 2319 provides that "All valuable mineral deposits in lands belonging to the United States, both surveyed and unsurveyed, are hereby declared to be free and open to exploration and purchase, and the lands in which they are found, to the occupation and purchase by citizens of the United States and those who have declared their intention to become such, under regulations prescribed by law, and according to the local customs or rules of miners in the several mining districts, so far as they are applicable and not inconsistent with the laws of the United States."

Section 2 320 defines the limit of the area of a claim "upon veins of quartz or other rock *in place* bearing gold, silver, cinnebar, lead, tin, copper, or other valuable deposits." Said claim "shall not exceed 1,500 feet in length along the vein or lode, and shall not exceed more than 300 feet on each side of the middle of the vein at the surface, nor shall any claim be limited by *any* mining regulation to less than 25 feet on each side of the middle of the vein at the surface." The above applies to quartz, etc., mined *in place*. For placer or gulch mining, however, different regulations prevail as to dimensions, but all claims demand a *certain amount* of work done annually to hold the title, based upon the theory that one man shall not be at the expense of proving the value of another's claim, who thereby may reap the reward of such energy and money.

This State limits the size of all mining claims on quartz lodes to 1,500 feet in length along the lode and 150 feet each side of the same, *i. e.*, to 1,500x300 feet, or between ten and eleven acres. This excepts the counties of Gilpin, Clear Creek, Boulder and Summit, where the limit of a claim is 150 feet by 150 feet. A placer claim may be in area 20 acres. The amount of improvement or development work made annually to hold said claim, by provision of the United States law, is less than $100.

THE LAWS OF COLORADO

affirm that provision with this modification; namely, that the locator shall, within 60 days of the date of location, sink a discovery shaft on the vein or lode of not less than 10 feet in depth, within the limit of 90 degrees. The locator or locators shall have it surveyed and recorded at the proper place, the name given, the dimensions, and its direction and distance from some mete or limit of a government section, as laid down in the government survey; all these shall be clearly set forth in the body of the certificate. Also a stake shall be so inscribed and placed firmly in the ground at the mouth of the discovery shaft. This is in order that no one claim may overlap another after it is located, therefore all the said limits must be indicated by corner and side line stakes, with name of the claim and claimants marked in writing. The mining laws of Colorado also provide that after the first

10 FOOT SHAFT

is sunk, which usually costs less than $50, the claimants may have the balance of the year to perfect the $100 work. An amendment to the law was made and approved by the President Jan. 22, 1880 last, extending the time to "the 31st day of December following the first day of January next after the date of location," and hence, if a claim is located on the second day of January, 1880, the locator can have till Dec. 31, 1881, inclusive, to complete the balance of the annual assessment work, or nearly two years, and each year thereafter $100 more is required to hold title to its mineral.

It will be observed, therefore, that a mining claim represents in the outset about $50 cash outlay, added to the time of the prospector, in finding the lode or the surface float or mineral projection leading to it. It will be observed further, that the tax, or assessment work will make the cash cost $100 at the end of the first year, and each year thereafter the same.

Now, very few prospectors are able to stand that annual tax, upon many claims of

UNPRODUCTIVE PROPERTY,

and are tempted to sell at a small advance, or submit to being "froze out," or "jumped," or sell at a discount. Many prospectors sell nine tenths, retaining a fraction for speculation, and scarcely any miner in this or any other district but holds some one claim or fraction for a basis of future wealth.

The great motive, then, is to realize at as early a day as possible, and when a cash buyer is not at hand a custom has arisen to "bond" a claim. The bond is in the form of an agreement, about as follows:

Mr. A., a prospector, has a claim with a ten-foot hole on the vein or lode. He has had an assay or two, and upon that and the general outlook of the property is based its theoretical value. Mr. B—, is anxious to secure a bonanza and Mr. A—, agrees with Mr. B— to give him an "option" on the said claim for the valuable consideration of five thousand dollars ($5 000) and to give him six (6) months to decide upon the purchase. Mr. B agrees upon his part to go to all expenses of further proving the value of said claim and if at the expiration of the six months he has satisfied himself of its permanent value he takes the title and pays the price, or if he finds it does not prove to be as good a lode as he anticipated, or does not improve sufficiently as he goes down in the shaft, he declines the contract and is out of pocket only the money he has expended in testing its value. Thus the risk and expense is divided between capital and labor, and thus claims are being constantly appreciated or depreciated in value.

SANGA DE CHRISTO GROUP.

I have in a former letter stated the natural history of the first discovery of the Carbonate belt of claims by Powell, Hilford & Co. at the "Silver Cliff" and "Racine Boy" lodes, which resulted in forming the Silver Cliff Mining and Selling Co., with a capital of $10 000,000. The mill is now running through about 40 tons daily, or producing about $1,000 in bullion every 24 hours. I also endeavored to explain that the carbonate deposit was in the form of porphyry rock with the mineral distributed all though it in calica e veins being like the iron stain in marble quarz. I will now take you across the valley 12 miles distant, to the southeastern slope of the Sanga de Christo Range. About due west from the City of Silver Cliff, this district is seen from Main street, the working shaft and dress of a group of

THE PIONEER MINERS

of the range. Mineral has been known to exist in paying quantities for a dozen years, and in some small way worked by the Indians and ranchmen especially on the opposite or San Louis Valley side of the range. The lands of Colorado prior to 1872, however, were so uncertain that a title was worthless, and most of the work was done in placer mining and on the sly with the shovel and pan.

In the October of 1872, a claim was first staked according to the act before alluded to, by a Mr. Robinson, a successful prospector, now with us. A "hog back," or ridge running nearly eastward down the slope of the range, with a ravine, or water course, each side, which drain the snows further up the mountain, about 10,000 feet above sea level, is the field of interest. Mr Robinson saw a ledge of mineral-bearing rock projecting from the northeast side of this hog-back, near the bottom of the ravine. This quartz in mineral rock, thrown up between the seams of native granite, was of harder consistency than the granite, and whilst the latter, or "country rock," has been gradually destroyed by the action of frost and water during the ages intervening between the volcanic period and 1872 the former resisted, and stood boldly out as an index finger pointing to the wealth below.

This first claim was called "Verde" lode, as the valley was called "Verde," or green, by the Spanish occupants, and he staked out his claim for 1,500 feet, following the trend of the vein in the southwestern direction.

On the opposite side of this Ravine, another prospector opened the other extension of the same vein or lode and located the "Alto" high lode running 1500 feet to the northeast direction and 30 feet in width in each case.

THE NEXT YEAR

a party of three located the "Swallow Tail" on the opposite side of the said "Hogback" further up the ridge, and adjoining the west side line of the Verde, and upon another parallel vein of mineral rock. This formation is of a different character, and is vein matter proper, with well defined side walls of the "country rock," in which the silver is combined with "gray copper," so called, (a combination of sulphuret of copper and lead.) The "Verde" and "Alto" were afterwards consolidated and sold a couple of years ago for $60 000 cash, after the course of bonding and development had been tested by the Hemboldt company.

This company did a considerable amount of sub surface work, and found ore assaying from 30 to 300 ounces of silver per ton, and from 12 to 15 per cent copper. (An ounce of silver is worth today about $1.13 currency, but is estimated here in money value at one even dollar, so that when we hear of a vein assaying so many ounces to the ton, that many dollars is reckoned.

THE HUMBOLT COMPANY

recently bonded the "Verde" mine for $15 000, and when the time expires the money will be paid for it. I was down the shaft one day last week about 100 feet, and the extent of the ore producing vein matter is almost without limit. The shaft follows the dip of the vein, with the wall rock for its upper limit or roof, at an angle of about 45 degrees. They are getting out the ore and piling it up on the "dump," preparatory to putting up a mill for treating it. The Humboldt Company still own the "Alto," and to day the representatives of the company came in town to push forward the work of opening it and trading the ore.

The title to

THE "SWALLOW TAIL" CLAIM

was allowed to lapse because assessment work was not pursued, and it was relocated by four miners not long since, and has been bonded to a company for $50,000 and the bond will be cashed at maturity, as they have ore as high as 850 ounces per ton now on the dump. The Company is mostly made up of gentlemen from Columbus, Ohio, as are those of the Humboldt and Verde. The "Swallow Tail" was re christened when relocated, and is now known as the "Silver King." I was in their tunnel recently, which they are working to their upright shaft, and have extended into the mountain about 200 feet and are making the finest engineering work I have witnessed in the mines about this District. They find it costs about $6 per foot for this size, or five feet wide by seven feet high in the clear, but it will pay, as they can then bring out the ore by car instead of lifting up through the old upright shaft.

The "Silver King" is also about to put up a mill for reducing the ore. Soon therefore, this ancient "hog back" will be honey combed and the wealth which its rugged and forbidding surface covered for ages, be transferred to the Mint and thence to Ohio, for investment in seal skins, Eastlake stuffs and decorative China, of which I doubt not, some fortunate madam is now dreaming, for at this hour every *honest* person in the Cliff has retired, excepting one.

A. COMSTOCK.

Gen. Arthur and the Desperado.

When Billy Wilson was raising his notorious Zouave Regiment or roughs during the war, the members composing it were acting very badly in New York, and Gov Morgan ordered Gen. Arthur, who was Quartermaster General, to stop their misconduct. Arthur summoned Billy to his office. The desperado responsively swaggered in, wearing his uniform as a Colonel, and listened contemptuously to the warning that Arthur gave him. At length he insolently retorted: "Neither you nor the Governor has anything to do with me, for I'm a Colonel in the United States service. I am, and you've got no right to order me." Arthur informed him that he was not a Colonel yet, because his regiment was not full, and no commission had been issued. "Well, I've got my shoulder-straps on," said Billy, "and, as long as I wear them, I don't take no orders from you fellows." Arthur was just as burly then as now, and far more active. "We'll make short work of your shoulder-straps," he cried, and he seized the offender, tore off his straps, threw him into a chair, and ordered him under arrest.

The Platform.

Chicago Tribune.

Henri Watterson had nearly ready a Democratic platform that would have been most unsuitable for an officer in the regular army to stand on. When Hancock forged ahead on the first ballot, there was mounting (of the platform) in hot haste. Several planks were ripped out, and the hole was patched with refuse lumber lying about. It will hold up Hancock now, but Henri's pride of authorship is gone.

SOLDIER REMINISCENCES.

Gen. Garfield and the Germans in the Army.

To the Editor of the Inter-Ocean.

CHICAGO, June 26.—Many of my old comrades of the former Army of the Cumberland will remember Gen. Garfield, the nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency, who became Chief of Staff of Gen. Rosecrantz, after the gallant Col. Garroscks, of St. Louis, had been killed by a cannon ball in the sanguinary battle of Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862. There who had, as it was my fortune, the opportunity to visit army headquarters quite frequently on official business, will remember Gen. Garfield as an affable and obliging officer, always ready to assist, and never showing that haughtiness toward inferiors that characterized so many otherwise excellent officers. Sometimes he would address an officer or soldier in the German language, which he speaks quite well, if he knew the addressed was a German.

I held at that time the position of A. A. A. G., Second Brigade, Sheridan's Division, which was then encamped about three miles from Murfreesboro, on the Shelbyville Pike. One day the mail brought several letters to members of my company, containing the news that my brother who had lost his leg at the battle of Perrysville, Ky., was lying at the point of death in a hospital at St. Louis, having been given up by the surgeon in charge. This was terrible news to me. He was my only and younger brother. Mother and sisters were yet in Germany, and I was hundreds of miles away from him, unable to be with him in his last moments. There was no prospect of an advance of the Army at that time, and my brigade commander advised me to apply immediately for a leave of absence, and I gave me permission to carry the paper forward myself. Strongly indorsed by him, Gen. Sheridan gave my application a splendid recommendation, but our corps commander, Gen. R. W. Johnson, promptly ordered it disapproval. Returning sadly to my quarters, Gen. Sheridan called me. I handed him the application; he looked at it a moment, then he said: "Carry it to Gen. Rosecranz's headquarters; tell him I sent you!" I saluted, turned, and in a moment I was on my way to Town at a full gallop.

Arrived at headquarters, I met General Garfield, handed him my application and told him that General Sheridan had sent me. He glanced over it. "That is bad, Captain, the disapproval of your corps commander makes it impossible for me to grant your application." I told him in as few words as possible the circumstances. He looked me for a moment full in the face, his features became milder and expressed sympathy, then he said: "Come with me to the General commanding." We entered another room. General Rosecranz was writing. A moment after he arose, and General Garfield handed him my application, with the remark: "General, I recommend this paper to your kindness." Rosecranz noticed the "disapproval." I had to tell him my story; then he asked:

"You acted as Adjutant General to Colonel Scheafer's brigade at Stone River?"

"Yes, General."

"You belong to the Second Missouri?"

"Yes, General."

"Brave regiment. General Garfield, the application of the Captain is granted."

A few minutes later, Gen Garfield handed me my leave shaking my hand warmly, and expressing the hope that I might find my brother alive. Two days after I arrived at St. Louis. The joy of seeing me again and good nourishment had a wonderful effect upon my brother, so that at the end of my leave of absence he was out of danger. He lives now near Nashville, Tenn., and is the head of a large family.

Some time later the German Glee Club of the Second Brigade, Sheridan's Division, composed mostly of former members of glee clubs in St. Louis and Chicago, took occasion to serenade Gen. Rosecranz at his headquarters at Murfreesboro. After the first sounds had died away we recognized the lights and were ready to return to our camp when somebody stepped out from the building upon the verandah and invited us in. Gen. Rosecranz came in a very nice little German speech, to come in and spend a short time with the commanding general. It was Gen. Garfield who answered our German songs with remarks in the same language. We accepted the invitation. Gen. Rosecranz shook hands with all of us, and then introduced to us his brother, the late Bishop Rosecranz of Columbus, Ohio, who expressed his surprise to hear such good singing in the field. During our stay at headquarters, Gen. Garfield spoke to most of the visitors, the majority of whom were private soldiers. At Chickamaugs more than half the members of that club fell to rise no more; but to their surviving comrades, some of whom are to-day residing in this city, that evening and Gen. Garfield will ever be remembered.

FOR HE'S A MAJOR-GENERAL.

A Volunteer's Opinion of a Regular Army Officer of Forty Year's Standing. The Boys Didn't Take Kindly to Scollops.

Indianapolis Journal.

"The Democrats seem much pleased with the nomination of Maj. Gen. Hancock," said a gentleman to a *Journal* reporter yesterday. "If they think the fact that he's a Major General will draw soldier votes they will be mistaken. He certainly will get no votes from men who fought as volunteers, for volunteers never received treatment from Regular Army officers calculated to breed any large amount of affection. I started out as a Corporal in the Third Indiana Cavalry, and had a chance to see a few things during the war. Why, a private soldier would not dare to even speak to a Major, let alone a Major General, in the regular army. The Major General was as much above him, and as inaccessible, as the Grand Llama to the meanest Hindoo. They were, and are, as wide apart as heaven and the infernal regions. Hancock is as far from a soldier in the ranks as the poor man resting in the bosom of Abraham was from Dives in the flames of hell asking for a cup of cold water. In fact, the private soldier in the regular army, under a military martinet, may well be supposed to have a hell of a time. Suppose a private had a request to make of his august commander. He would have first to make it to his Orderly Sergeant, the Sergeant would convey it to the captain, the captain to the adjutant, and so on by easy stages until after passing through a dozen or more it would finally get to his serene highness, the West Point Major General. In the volunteer service things were not so scollopy. The boys wouldn't have it. You have heard of the discipline tried at Camp Carrington? The General issued an order; the order was given the Adjutant General; the Adjutant General gave it to the Colonel; the Colonel to his Adjutant, the Adjutant to the Captain of a company, the Captain to the Orderly Sergeant, the Orderly to a Corporal, the Corporal to a private, and then the Private politely told the Corporal to go to the devil, and there was an end of the matter. The boys who left their sweethearts, those who left their wives and little ones, their homes, their business, their all for more love of country never took kindly to the aristocratic West Pointers, and the West Pointers never took kindly to the boys, it may be added. Those gentlemanly soldiers thought no more of the volunteers than they would of so many cattle. General Reno was one of these superior beings. He was killed at the battle of South Mountain,

Answers to Correspondents.

to be well stirred when used, and heated to liquify it. Keep it corked.

J. F. M., Trinidad, Colo.: I would advise you not to be too hasty in your judgment. One of the prominent men of the Republican party is the support of principles rather than men. The future of the Republican party is not in the hand of any one man, and while you may not be pleased with some person or persons on the ticket, you can be assured that no one will be permitted to violate the record of the past 20 years. There are scores of Democrats who have testified to the personal honesty of Gen. James A. Garfield, and his private life is known to be without spot or blemish.

A. G. G., Mountain Top, Ark., asks: "Where and how is India ink manufactured?"—India ink is so called because it is made in China. It is a mechanical mixture, and not like the true inks, a chemical compound, and is composed of lampblack and size, or animal glue with a little perfume added. The lampblack must be remarkably fine, and is made by a secret process in China, where a little camphor also enters into the composition. In that country this substance takes the place of writing ink, but with us it is used mostly for artistic purposes in providing designs in black and white and the intermediate shades of color.

F. G. S., Watertown, Tex., asks: "Will you please say whether anotto is poisonous? Also, what it is used for and how made?"—Anotto is also called annatto, annosus seed. It is freely used to color butter, cheese and the milk served to city customers, after being reduced by water. Burnt sugar is more commonly employed, however; in the latter process, a teaspoonful to a can of milk and water gives it a rich and creamy color and body. Dyers, painters and soap makers also use annotto freely. It is made from the outside of the seed from a tree which grows in Brazil, and there is a large amount imported yearly.

J. B. M., Oskaloosa, Iowa: The market for campaign poetry is dull and nominal with a feverish unsettled feeling and strongly downward tendency in rates. We have now on hand several cords more than we can possibly find use for between now and November, with indications of further large shipments from the West. We quote pound rates on campaign poetry laid down free to consignee at this post-office as follows: First quality gilt-edged and supercalendered, 10@15c; X X grade, eight feet to the line, double rhymes, 9@10c; fair to medium, single rhymes, with chorus, 7@8c; ordinary, with request to editor to correct spelling and meter, dull and without sale at 5@6c per pound.

H. W., Parkersburg, W. Va., writes: "I see by Buckeye's letter in this week's BLADE it is supposed that the Republicans will make no canvass in the South. If that be true Republicans will be elected. He has 138 votes sure, and the Democracy can spend all of their time, money, colonization, ballot box stuffing on New York and Indiana, which if they carried, would make 188 electoral votes. The way out for the Republicans is to carry the war into Africa. Send such fearless men of national reputation as Sess. Conkling, Logan, Blaine, Carpenter and others South to canvass it. Let us see if the Democracy mean what they say in the fifth article of their platform"—It is quite possible that the Republicans may make a canvass in a portion of the South at least. Florida and North Carolina are Republican States, if the voters had a fair showing.

H. W. S., Martinsville, Mich., asks: "How is cream of tartar made?"—It is prepared from argol, an acidulous salt deposited from wines on the sides of the wine casks. By treating argol with hot water, the cream of tartar is dissolved, and the solution being drawn off and allowed to cool, the crystals are deposited. It is again dissolved in water, to which four or five per cent. of pipe clay has been added to carry down the impurities. The clear solution is then drawn off and allowed to stand until crystallization again takes place. Some of the crystals fall to the bottom, and some rise to the surface, giving the appearance of cream, whence the name cream tartar. In chemical language it is called bitartrate of potash, and contains potash, water and tartaric acid. Cold water does not readily dissolve it, but hot water does.

D. P. S., Morley, Md., asks: "Why is it that old cobs so frequently bring more than their market value?"—Principally, as has been already explained, because such cobs frequently have a historical or geographical value apart from the intrinsic one. A case was stated some time ago how an island of the Ægean, which had been lost, was discovered by means of a cob the piece not bigger than a half-dime,) and how recent soundings proved the existence of this isle. There was a lost City which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he overran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger on Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist, there were the letters, Pandosia, inscribed on it, but what was better, there was an emblem, indicative of a well known river, the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with the same certainty as if the piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical City, was at once given its proper position in Brattium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography, its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a quarter of a dollar, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British museum $1 000, the price they paid for it.

E. A. C., Barkey, Neb., writes: "Our system of finance is not yet perfected. The people are wishing for a system that will enable them to invest their savings in government securities, and which will also enable them to get the loan of money from government funds, paying no higher per centage of interest than the banks pay for the same funds. This is felt to be a great need, but there is sufficient ability and skill among the members of the Republican party to grasp the idea and frame and carry out such an improved system. There is no necessity for a new party to bring about reform. The stomach of United Republicans party can broaden its views and enlarge its platform, to comprehend every governmental need. Whatever is required to complete this most perfect system of government can be accomplished without further changes in the names of political parties."—We do not exactly understand what our correspondent is driving at. Our government securities have now a permanent, unchanging value, and they afford the best possible security for obtaining loans. It is a well established financial maxim that the better the security the lower the rate of interest, other things of course being equal, and, conversely, the poorer the security, the higher the rate. But if our correspondent expects the Republican party to modify its financial policy so as to make it conform to the Greenback idea of obtaining something for nothing, we fear that he is doomed to disappointment. The financial condition of the government is now the best it has ever known since the war, and it is steadily improving every year.

R. R. P., Nevins, Wis., asks: "1. How are Bengal lights made? 2. How are preparations for colored fires compounded?"—1. Bengal lights, such as are used for pyrotechnic displays, signal lights at sea, etc., are prepared with nitre, sulphur and antimony. When ignited the composition burns into rapid and vivid combustion, evolving a brilliant mellow light. It cannot be used in a close room, as the burning of the ingredients named vitiates and poisons the atmosphere. The color of the flame is a distinct blue. 2. The following formulæ are used for compounding colored fires. Red nitrate of strontia, four parts; chlorate of potash, one part; shellac one part. White—Chlorate of potash, 12 parts; nitrate, four parts; sugar, four parts; stearine, one part; carbonate of baryta one part. Green—Chlorate of potash, two parts; nitrate of barytes, one part; sugar, one part. Yellow—Chlorate of potash, six parts; nitrate, six parts; oxalate of soda, five parts, and shellac, three parts. The nitrate of strontia must be melted before use so as to drive off the water of crystallization. The chlorate of potash should be pounded separately, for if struck when mixed with gunpowder it will explode; neither must the chlorate of potash and the other ingredients be rubbed together in a mortar, as they are thus explosive. Our correspondent had better purchase his colored fires already compounded, as only chemists can safely prepare them.

A. H. E., Watson, Kan., asks: 1. Can you tell me how the term "the dark horse" as applied to a candidate who comes from obscurity into prominence first originated? We have seen the following explanation and give it for what it is worth. Some years ago there lived in Tennessee an old chap named Sam Flynn, who traded in horses and generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two, which he used for racing purposes whenever he could pick up a "soft match" during his travels. The best of his flyers was a coal-black stallion named Dusky Pete, who was almost a thoroughbred, and able to go in the best of company. Flynn was accustomed to saddle Pete when approaching a town, and ride him into it, to give the impression that the animal was merely "a likely hoss," and not a flyer. One day he came to the town where a country race-meeting was being held, and he entered Pete among the contestants. The people of the town, not knowing anything of his antecedents, and, not being over impressed by his appearance, backed two or three local favorites heavily against him. Flynn moved quietly among the crowd, and took all the bets offered against his nag. Just as the "flyers" were being saddled for the race, old Judge McMinames, who was the turf oracle of that part of the State, arrived on the course, and was made one of the judges. As he took his place in the stand he was told how the betting ran, and of the folly of the owner of the strange entry in backing his "plug" so heavily. Running his eye over the track, the Judge instantly recognized Pete, and he said: "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you smell h— before supper." The Judge was right. "Pete, the "dark horse" lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front with a rush and won the purse and Flynn's bets with the greatest ease.

THOMPSON, Summit, Ill., asks: "Will you please explain how I may construct an aquarium?"—One of the first principles, in constructing a tank for an aquarium, is to give the water the greatest possible exposure to the air. The simple rectangular form is the best. This is generally constructed of iron and glass; the iron should be japanned, and the glass be French plate, to insure brilliancy and strength. The breadth and height of the tank should be about one half of the length. Cheap tanks can be made of wood and glass, the frame and bottom being of wood, and the sides of glass. In order to make the joints watertight, care must be taken to get a proper aquarium putty or cement. The following is a good receipt: Put an eggcupful of oil and 4 ozs. tar to 1 lb resin; melt over a gentle fire. Test it to see if it has the proper consistence when cooled: if it has not, heat longer or add more resin and tar. Pour the cement into the angles in a heated state, but not boiling hot, as it would crack the glass. The cement will be firm in a few minutes. Then tip the aquarium in a different position, and treat a second angle likewise, and so on. The cement does not poison the water. It is not advisable to make the aquarium of great depth; about eight inches of water is sufficient. In regard to the light, great care must be taken. Too much often causes blindness, and is a common source of disease. The light fish receive in rivers comes from above, and an aquarium should be constructed so as to form no exception to this rule. All cross-lights should be carefully avoided, at least if the light is very strong. Never place the aquarium in front of a window so that the light passes through it; for, when viewing an aquarium, the source of light should come from behind us. Not enough light is as injurious as too much, and causes decay of the vegetation. Having constructed a watertight aquarium, the bottom is strewn over with clean sand to the depth of 1 to 3 inches; on this a little gravel is spread; then a few stones or rock-work. Heavy large rocks should be avoided; they displace a large amount of water, and increase the danger of breaking the glass sides. Pumice-stone, well washed, is the best kind, being light and with a rough surface suitable for the rooting of plants, etc.; and if fancy forms are desired (bridge-work, etc.) the pumice stone can be cut quite easily to the desired shapes. The plants are rooted in the sand and the vessel left at rest for a week for the plants to vegetate.

WOMAN'S FEAR OF COWS.

A Thrilling Scene From Real Life In the Streets of Detroit.

Detroit Free Press.

It is now over 100 years since an American philosopher propounded the query: "Why is a woman afraid of a cow?" and yet no one has ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer. There is once in a while a woman who doesn't seem to have the slightest fear, even when passing a cow with one horn all twisted out of shape; but follow that woman home and you will find that she kicks the dog, cuffs the children, jaws her husband and knows how to sharpen a butcher knife and use an ax. The real woman has a mortal terror of cows and the real cow seems to have an antipathy for her. On Friday morning a woman was walking down Cass avenue when she suddenly came upon one. The animal was feeding on the other side of the street and the boy sent out to watch her sat under a shade tree and played on a mouth organ.

The lady halted.

The cow looked up.

"Lost anything, ma'am?" asked the boy, as he moved the music from his mouth.

"I—I'm afraid of that cow!" she replied.

"What fur? Cows don't bite nor kick, same as a horse. All they kin do is to run their horns through you and pin you to the ground."

"Oh! my—she's coming!"

"No, she hain't. She's just making believe that she wants to get at ye and hook ye over the fence."

"Oh! but I dare not pass!"

"Yes, you dare. Cows know when a woman is afraid just as quick as anybody. The minit you give cows to understand that you are able to catch 'em by the heels and mop the ground with 'em they go to hunting for clover."

"Dear me, but I guess I'll go back!"

"I wouldn't. If ye'll only spit on yer hands and shake yer fist at her she'll wilt right down. Cows know who's boss just as well as men do. Now, then, I'll hold yer parasol while you spit on yer hands."

"Oh! I can't—I'm going right home!"

"Well, my little brother he swears as 'em instead of spitting on his hands. See if you can do that."

"No—no—no! I'm going now!"

"If I was a woman and couldn't swear or spit on my hands, I should carry a sword cane to stab cows with," observed the boy as he looked across the way.

"My soul! but there's another cow up there!" exclaimed the lady as she looked up the street.

"Yes, lots of cows around these days, but I never heard of two cows attacking a woman at once. I guess one generally hooks 'em all to pieces first, and then the other comes up and paws at the mangled remains. If you——"

The lady made a first class scream and made a jump for the nearest gate. It opened hard, and after one pull she went over the fence and up the front steps of a strange house, there to remain until her husband could be summoned by telephone to come and act as a body guard.

"I'd just like to be a woman," mused the boy, as he sat down to punish his mouth organ some more. "I'd carry a bowie knife down the back of my neck and the first cow that tried to hook me would feel that ere knife playing mumblety peg around her vicious heart strings."

"He Told Me Ter Do It."

New York Herald.

A lately landed Hibernian was a prisoner yesterday in the Fordham Police Court to answer a charge of assault and battery preferred against him by a neighbor.

"Why did you strike the complainant?" asked Justice Wheeler.

"Bekase he tould me ter du it," was the reply.

"Oh, you merely obeyed orders!"

"Yis, Judge."

"Tell me all about it."

"All there cees about it, Judge, cees, we had a little growl, and ol tould him old slapcees face; thin ee jumps 'oop and down and cries three tolanes. 'Du it, du it, du it.'"

"And you did it."

"Oi did, sur."

"Fine, $10."

"What, after I'd tould me ter du it?"

"Yes; you had no business to strike him, even at his own request. Got $10?"

A friend paid the fine, and the prisoner retired, murmuring to himself, "a strange country it've got into."

An article is going the rounds entitled "What Kissing Really Is." Gentlemen, there's no use in trying to explain what it is, for you can't. Be satisfied that it is and always will be.—*Kentucky State Journal*

The Sunday School.

Cain and Abel.

LESSON 3, SUNDAY, JULY 18, 1880.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.—John 3, 15.

LESSON TEXT.

Gen. 4: 3-15.

3. And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. 4. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering. 5. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell. 6. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? 7. If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door: and unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him. 8. And Cain talked with Abel his brother; and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him. 9. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? 10. And he said, what hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. 11. And now art thou cursed from the earth which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. 12. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. 13. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear. 14. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me. 15. And the Lord said unto him, therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain lest any finding him should kill him.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

In process of time it came to pass (v. 3.) And in process of time a great many unlooked-for things will come to pass. New hopes, new dangers, new experiences, new desires, are opening before us continually—in the process of time. The past with its accomplishments and its failures, and the present with its burdens and its joys, are of little moment compared with what is possible—in the process of time what if all now seems dark where our expectations were brightest? The process of time may bring us gladness instead of gloom, or may show us how mistaken we were in thinking there was any cause for sadness. It is doubtless perplexes and bewilders us, there may come to us the clear shining of the light of plain duty—in the process of time. Let us in the meantime, be firm in the right, so far as we know the right. Our record of well doing thus far will not avail if we fail in the emergency to which the process of time soon brings us. We have cause to thank God for what may come to pass, and to pray God against what will come to pass in the process of time.

The Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect (v. 4, 5.)—The Lord sees a difference between men and their deeds, even when there is very little difference to be seen by the ordinary observer. He not only sees that a man who makes him an offering—who joins in worship and gives to him of his substance—is more worthy than a man who does not; but he sees that one man who does this, is better than another man who so far does the same. One man's going to church pleases the Lord, because the man goes there at the Lord's call, and to show his love for the Lord. Another man's going to church does not please the Lord, because the man goes to show himself off, or to keep up his standing in the community for respectability. There is real merit in church going, and that the Lord owes him something for his attendance. So with one man's giving, or praying, or sharing in benevolent activities, as contrasted with another man. It is not the fact of well-doing, but the spirit and purpose of the well-doer, that the Lord recognizes and has respect unto. No man can do enough or give enough to buy the Lord's favor; but the man who so feels the unworthiness that he turns to the Lord for forgiveness, and seeks it in the Lord's appointed way, can be sure of the Lord's favor; and the offering which such a man will never fail to make is accepted of the Lord, because of the penitence and the faith which are evidenced in its bringing.

Am I my brother's keeper? (v. 9.)—Well, that depends. If we had to be responsible for everybody, we should more than have our hands full. But again, if we were not responsible for anybody outside of ourselves, there would be some weak or needy ones with no one to care for them. We ought certainly to do the best we can by all with whom we are brought in contact; and we ought not neglect due attention to any body with whose wants we are made acquainted. It is not the fair thing to kill a brother; or a sister, for that matter. It is not the fair thing to hate a brother or sister; to defraud a brother or sister; or to let a brother or sister starve or suffer while we have the means of giving them aid. We have certain duties towards others; and if we fail in the performance of these duties God will call us to account. It is one thing to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" for the purpose of finding out and doing a brother's duty. It is quite another thing to ask that question from a desire to shirk a brother's responsibility. As a rule, you may be sure, when you hear that question put, that a man is more desirous of shirking than of doing his duty as a brother. You are your brother's keeper up to a certain point. Do you know the limitations of your brotherly duty? Are you faithful within those limitations?

What hast thou done? (v. 10.)—Here is the question after an act. How different an answer it must bring, from the question before the same act.—What are you going to do? "What are you going to do?" "Oh, I am going to be even with him!" "I am going to show my independence." "I am going to let him know just what I think of him." "I am going to have a good time now, and let the future look out for itself." "I am going to take what I can get, and run the risk." "I am going to have revenge." That is the way it looks beforehand. But then comes the question, "what hast thou done?" "I have spoken the bitter word, and it has parted me from a loved friend."

"That little word—ah, God! 'twas I who said it;
How mighty has its power grown to be!
Though it was only jealous pain that bred it,
It parted him from me."

"What hast thou done?" I have sold my birthright of purity, and have only a heritage of shame and remorse for the rest of my life. "What hast thou done?" "I have put myself hopelessly almost criminals and am outlaw forever." "Father Hawley," of Hartford, was telling the scholars in a mission school of a boy in that city who had stolen money from his employer's drawer, and been sent to prison for his crime. "When he opened that drawer so stealthily," said Father Hawley, "and looked down on the pile of bank notes there, if only he could have see written on top of them, in letters of fire, 'Ten years in State prison' wouldn't he have slammed that drawer to again!" Sin and folly looked at in their possibility have their tempting aspect. There is nothing of that sort to either sin or folly in the retrospect. When pride, or lust, or passion, or hatred, or covetousness, or lust, is tempting us to word or deed in its expression, let us look forward in our imagining to the hour when we must look back in our remorse to answer God's question—which we shall have to hear and answer—"What hast thou done?" The thought of that question ought to keep us from many things that otherwise we should incline to take the risk of.

My punishment is greater than I can bear (v. 13.—Any man's sin and its punishment is greater than he can bear. No man living can coolly face the consequences of his transgressions and blunders, and say that they are only a tolerable burden to him. Once in a while the conscience haunted murderer comes forward and gives himself up to justice because of his unbearable remorse. Again the criminal of a lesser dye tries to evade the overwhelming power of his guilt by confession, or by suicide—"until his guilt is confessed." But for beyond all that the world hears of, there are "groanings which cannot be uttered" out of crushed hearts agonizing under the intolerable load of regret for failures and misdoings of which others have no thought. "Oh, how could I have done that." Why, why, did I speak and act so? I did not think there was no help, no hope." It is when we are thus brought into a certain sympathy with the first sinner who failed in his duty toward his brother that the words of the great Sin-bearer—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—sound most gratefully in our ears; and that we are inclined to hope for pardon and salvation, because of our belief that "He own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

If the bowels are torpid, if piles torment, if the back is full of pain, get a package of Kidney-Wort, and be cured without more suffering.

In diseases of the kidneys or liver, a cure is worth nothing, unless radical and permanent. Kidney-Wort has just that effect.

Miraculous Escape.

St. Louis Post Dispatch.

At the close of a course of lectures at Burlington lately, Prof. Tice was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill with Neuralgia of the Chest, his pulse falling from 80 to 35, and physicians failed to relieve him. Thinking of St. Jacobs Oil, the Professor ordered it to be applied on flannel and was instantaneously relieved; in one hour the pain was gone, and he left for his home in St. Louis.

Rebel Alex.

Columbus Journal.

Uncle Dick is not the only Ohio candidate who has a grievance. Gen Durbin Ward's head is a little sore. He blames Alex Long with disappointing his well founded hopes of the Vice Presidential nomination. What business has a gallant Union soldier to mix with an unreconstructed rebel like Alexander Long?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth nervous weakness, early decay loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City

CINCHONIDINE
CURES CHILLS, FEVER AND AGUE.

PHYSICIANS say it is a PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for the sulphate quinine, superior in tonic properties, and produces no disagreeable effect.

Dose the Same as Sulphate Quinine.

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KIDNEY WORT.

KIDNEY WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
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Constipation and Piles.

Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says: "In cases of Kidney Troubles it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has never failed to act efficiently."

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C. S. Bogardus, of Barkshire, says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

Because it Acts on the LIVER, the BOWELS and the KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and nervous disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

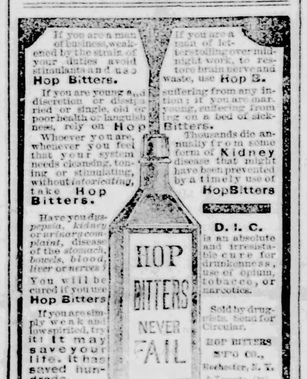
One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy It at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

HOP BITTERS.



If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or disease, be not discouraged, but use Hop Bitters.

If you are a mechanic or laboring man, you will find Hop Bitters the best assistant to be had.

If you are overworked, wearied or single, old or poor health or languishing, use Hop Bitters.

If you are a lawyer, editor, minister or business man, you will be benefited by using Hop Bitters.

If you are a farmer, gardener or laborer, you will find Hop Bitters a certain preventive and cure.

If you are a mechanic or artisan, you will find Hop Bitters a valuable invigorant.

If you are a housekeeper, wife, mother or daughter, you will find Hop Bitters the best friend in sickness you can have.

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The Positive Cure
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This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in thirty-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected. Thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Displacements, all Dispacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the great and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It pormotes every portion of the system, and gives new blood and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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A CURE for the most prevalent and fatal diseases that afflict mankind FOUND AT LAST. KIDNEY DISEASE STOP IT NOW. Apply Day's Kidney Pad AT ONCE, and cure Backache, Weakness of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. It is the only remedy that will cure NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, and that distressing complaint, "BACKACHE." It will annually save many times its cost in medicines and plasters, which at best give but temporary relief. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, $2. Our book "How a Life Was Saved," giving a history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures sent free. Write for it.

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrofula to a common Blotch, Pimple, or Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

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If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs, and early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

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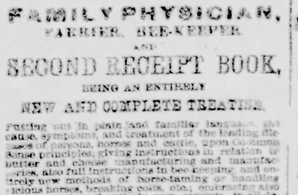

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An Interrupted Story.

Burlington Hawkeye Man on His Travels.

"Once, over these boundless prairies," the sad passenger said, "over these prairies—"

"They call them 'prurries' over in Indiana," the fat passenger said.

"And down in Illinois," said the cross passenger, "they call them 'peraries.'"

"And up in Michigan," the brakeman said, "they call them 'pairs.'"

"And down in Kentucky," the man on the wood-box remarked, "they call them 'persars.'"

"Well, anyhow," the sad passenger resumed, "once over these plains—"

"You said 'prairies' before," said the passenger with the sandy goatee.

"Yes, and started a very profound philological discussion by it."

"Well, once over these verdant prairies—"

"The first time," said the cross passenger, "you said 'boundless prairies.'"

"Well, then, over these boundless prairies, once—"

"Only once?" asked the fat passenger.

The sad passenger sighed but went on.

Once the painted Indian roamed—"

"What for?" croaked the woman who talks bass.

And the sad passenger went but a shell and said he would tell that story if he had to hire a hall to tell it in.

RELIEF NOW.

DR. CHASE'S

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SECOND RECEIPT BOOK,

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TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1880.

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Send for our Special Instructions to Agents.

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REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.

For President,
JAMES A. GARFIELD, of Ohio.

For Vice President,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR, of New York.

Circulation This Week, 77,081.

NEARLY three thousand new names are added this week, making the total of the present edition 77,081. A corresponding gain next week, (and this is under rather than above the bounds of probability) will require for the BLADE of July 15th, not less than 80,000 copies. The average increase of the BLADE circulation for the next 10 weeks will exceed two thousand per week at the lowest calculation, and all indications will fail us utterly if we do not have a circulation of 100,000 copies by September 1st. Notwithstanding the enormous outlay incident to the campaign we have not as yet asked advertisers to share it with us. The rates remain the same as they were when the BLADE printed only 50,000 copies. We make no promises to continue our present advertising schedule through the ensuing Fall But we simply say to our advertisers that we ask no man to accept the present BLADE circulation on unsupported statements, and we shall be happy at all times to furnish evidence of the truth of our figures, that will convince the most skeptical. We invite correspondence from business men and advertisers, and are prepared to make satisfactory discounts on large contracts.

ROBERT COLLYER thinks that the pulpit exerts a far less influence in the East than in the West.

GENS. POPE, EMERY and MILES are spoken of as the successors to SCHOFIELD in command at West Point.

OUR GARFIELD portrait must be seen to be appreciated. Every subscriber, old or new, may have one if he will only comply with the conditions.

HANCOCK'S knowledge of Constitutional law, and GARFIELD'S complicity in the Credit Mobilier, are two things of about equal microscopic smallness.

PERHAPS the lives that have been lost lately in the multiplicity of steamboat accidents, will not have been lost in vain if it results in causing a change in the law now regulating the investigation of the disasters.

IN time of peace prepare for war. The Sultan of Turkey has ordered plans and estimates to be made for making the Dardanelles impregnable by forts and torpedos. He don't like the way things look at Berlin.

THE St. Louis Globe *Democrat* says that the slovenly manner in which the census of 1880 has been taken is due to the desire of the Democratic party to get a reputation for economy at the expense of the public interest.

WHETHER or not the BLADE exerts every ounce of pressure possible for the success of GARFIELD and Republicanism this fall depends very largely on the action of its friends. Reader, what are you doing to insure success? Do not leave this work to others, but put your own shoulder to the wheel.

IT is generally understood in Cincinnati that GARFIELD'S nomination has destroyed all hope of a Democratic victory in Ohio, and turned the attention of the Democratic hosts to New York as the ground upon which decisive battle must be fought.

IT is charged that GARFIELD quit fighting before HANCOCK did. But then he also began first. He won a victory over HUMPHRY MARSHALL, in the gorges of the Cumberland Mountains, very many months before HANCOCK ever struck a blow for the country.

A FIRST CLASS subscription book agent makes more money from his business than the average lawyer, doctor or clergyman. The Locke Publishing Company now has some very desirable openings for young men in various portions of the West. Full particulars may be had by sending a card to the Company, at Toledo, O.

THE Jesuit Fathers in New York think that the expulsion of their order from France is not the work of DE FREYCINET, but of GAMBETTA and his party. They claim that they are not opposed to the Republic, for the reason that it was the Republic of 1830 that gave them the liberty the church now enjoys.

NOT every man can make a good stump speech, or write a good editorial in behalf of the cause of Republicanism. But every man can use his influence to increase the circulation of such papers as the BLADE, and thus do service quite as effective. Now is the time to work.

PENNSYLVANIA soldiers have a conundrum to guess. It is why they should vote for one General who was concerned in the hanging of Mrs. SURRATT, when a few years since, they were urged *not to* vote for another General who also had a hand in the same affair, and for that reason. Then it was "Hangman HARTRANFT," now it is "Patriot HANCOCK." Circumstances *do* alter cases wonderfully.

AFTER the wheat is all in shock our Republican friends can do most excellent service for the party by seeing to it that all their neighbors are supplied with the BLADE, the shiverer. No man who wishes evidently could in the welfare handsome profit out of the success of his side to retain possession without such a weapon. now and

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The public debt statement for the month ending June 30 is accompanied by a statement of the debt for the fiscal year which closes with that date. The reduction for the month is nominally something more than 10 millions, but this amount is reduced by some eight millions of fractional notes outstanding which are supposed to be "lost or destroyed," but which have hitherto been counted as part of the outstanding debt. This leaves the actual reduction for June, to give the exact figures, as $1,829,490,51, and the total reduction of the year at 76,659,027,03. The annual interest charge since the debt was at its highest point in 1865, has been reduced about $71,700,000 or nearly one half. As regards its relation to the capital of the country, the reduction of the debt has been from 4.29 per capita in 1865 to 1.56 per capita in 1880.

We know of no campaign arguments so significant and forcible, or so well calculated to impress the public mind as these figures from the debt statement for the past year. The record is unparalleled in the history of finance, in this or any other country, and to the Republican party alone belongs the sole credit of achievements which have placed the United States among the first commercial nations of the world. No better proofs of wisdom and economy in financial management could well be conceived, and the figures speak more loudly than words of the importance of sustaining this splendid management.

The Secretary of the Treasury has returned $1,000,000 of the unexpended balance of the appropriation for refunding the National debt 4 per cents. and $2,000,000 of the unexpended balance of the appropriation for collecting revenues from Customs for the last year, being the amounts saved by the department out of the amounts authorized to be expended by law.

The Controller of the Currency, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, has paid 44 dividends to the creditors of 33 insolvent national banks, amounting in all to $1,650,000. The total of dividends paid since the organization of the national banking system is $16,915,900 upon proved claims amounting to about $25,000. The dividends paid equal 67.66 per cent. of the amount of the claims. Assessments, in all amounting to $6,801,750, have been made upon the shareholders of the insolvent national banks for the purpose of enforcing their individual liability, of which amount about $2,000,000 has been collected.

The Treasury Department has made arrangements to bond all the transportation lines which desire to take advantage of the new Immediate Transportation act. Thus far the Baltimore & Ohio and Pennsylvania Central Railroads have bonded to the West from New York and Baltimore, and the Secretary of the Treasury has received information that the other trunk lines will also file bonds.

A Washington dispatch says the Pension Bureau is so overwhelmed with work that it is estimated the present force could not in 13 years dispose of the claims now on file and unsettled. The Commissioner declares that it is utterly impracticable to keep up with the bureau's business under the present system, and the experience of the last few days has confirmed his advocacy of the establishment of local boards for the adjudication of claims. Under the law, no applicant is entitled to arrears who files his application after June 30, 1880. Because of this limitation the number of applications filed at the end of the month just closed was very large. During the week which ended Saturday nearly 15,000 were received, and on one of the remaining days of the month the number was over 8,000.

The Republican National Committee held an adjourned meeting at New York on Thursday, in pursuance to a resolution adopted at Chicago. The object was to make a permanent organization and to lay out the work for the fall campaign. EX GOV. MARSHALL JEWELL, of Connecticut, was chosen as permanent Chairman, Ex-Sen. DORSEY, of Arkansas, as Permanent Secretary. The Executive Committee is headed by HORACE DAVIS, of California. At a subsequent meeting the work of the Executive Committee was apportioned among the members and arrangements made for a meeting at Chicago, July 22. Several Southern Republicans took occasion to speak of the condition of affairs in the South, and to urge that aid should be given to Southern Republicans. A member from North Carolina declared that he considered his a Republican State, and that it could be carried for the Republicans with proper effort. Another was confident that the Republicans could carry Florida, where the previous Republican majority had been increased by the immigration of Northerners. Mr. DORSEY, the Secretary of the Committee, also expressed the belief that addresses by Northern speakers in his State would be the means of securing at least a part of the Congressional districts for the Republicans.

Steamboats seem to have a monopoly of disasters now. Only good management saved the passengers and crew of the steamship "F. W. Harris" that struck the rocks during a dense fog eight miles Northeast of Cape Race last Thursday morning. She was a new iron boat upon her way from Cardiff to Montreal, and was wrecked in the same place as the steamers "City of Philadelphia," "Chopaitas" and "Germania."

The new dinner service for the White House has been completed and delivered. It contains more than 500 pieces and cost the manufacturers over $20,000 to make it. Each piece is a work of art in itself, the designs for all having been drawn by THEODORE R. DAVIS, the well known artist.

The Mississippi Valley in Upper Illinois during the past week was visited by floods the most destructive that have been known for years. Thousands of acres of wheat still uncut, and miles of cornfields were inundated. The damage will probably exceed a million dollars, and the region flooded was 90 miles long and from five to 15 broad.

The Sultan and his advisers have decided not to accept the Berlin Conference's recommendations. Now the question is as to the next movement of the Powers.

THE agent who handles a really valuable book, finds the work of selling it already half done in advance. The Locke Publishing Co. now have three such books on the market, all of which will find ready sale wherever offered.

TWO CINCINNATI CONVENTIONS.

Just 24 years to a month before the Democratic Convention which sat in Cincinnati and nominated WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, of Pennsylvania, another Democratic Convention sat in Cincinnati and nominated JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania.

There is still more paralellism between these two Conventions than the extraordinary coincidence which exists in the place and date of meeting, and the nomination of candidates from the same State.

The Cincinnati Convention of June, 1856—like that of 1880—was dominated by the arrogant Slave Lords. Their schemes required the fullest control of the Convention and its nominee, and they secured both. Secession was not yet one of their openly avowed principles, but it was entertained by all of them who exercised a controlling influence, and they never for a moment ceased to prepare for it as a step to be taken in the near future. This end and the extension of Slavery were two supreme motives which shaped their course in everything.

Their efforts to extend the area of slave territory had been so remarkably successful as to justify their most extravagant hopes of erecting a magnificent Slave Empire as large and powerful as any European State, and which would have the enforced labor of negros as the basis of its wealth, and the lower order of whites to furnish its military strength.

The war with Mexico had resulted in the addition to the slave territory of an area of country several times larger than that of any European power, except Russia, and not content with all this, which had been won for them by the National arms, they were marshaling their hosts to wrest from Freedom and the North the great and fertile Territories of Kansas and Nebraska

The conflict had already begun in Kansas under a previous administration—under a servile, truckling, Northern President, who had been selected by them with a view to the service, and he did it with such object fidelity that he disgusted even his own party and drove hundreds of thousands of them into the ranks of the opposition—into the ranks of the newly-formed Republican party.

It was FRANKLIN PIERCE'S sycophancy to the Slave Power—his earnest endeavor to repay it for his election to the Presidency—that laid the foundations of the Republican party strong and deep. Before he outraged the better feelings of every intelligent man in the North, the Abolitionist were an impotent faction in our politics. They were like the Prohibitionists to-day, who agitate incessantly, but manifest no political strength. But when MR. PIERCE went so far as to make it obligatory upon all Democrats to either make such obeisance to the Slave Power as would involve the renunciation of their manhood, or go into open opposition, an immense number of Democrats chose the latter alternative, and with their accession to the ranks of the Free Soilers, the party of Freedom became at once a great and powerful organization.

Obviously it would not do to renominate a tool which had become so obnoxious by its use, and so MR. PIERCE was thrown aside as having served his purpose, and being of no further use, and MR. JAMES BUCHANAN was taken up instead,

MR. BUCHANAN was a wise selection for their purpose. He belonged to a class of politicians of which Pennsylvania has always been very fruitful—men facile, adroit, and supple.—swift

To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning.

The State has doubtless come legitimately by these, with its large Scotch element, for English historians tell us that nowhere else in past years could there be found such opposite extremes as among Scotch public men. One would be found ready to give up every farthing of his worldly goods, and die ignominiously at the stake, rather than slight a syllable of the Westminster catechism while another alongside of him would be the most unscrupulous tool that the STUARTS could employ for their despicable purposes. There is little doubt that Mr. BUCHANAN could have traced his descent from one of these latter.

He had already given abundant evidence of his supple servility to the Southern dispensers of political promotion. As Secretary of State he had been the first to propose the humiliating back down before England from the "Fifty-four-forty or Fight" cry which carried the Democracy into power in 1844, and because his Southern masters did not desire that the Free States should receive any more territory, he meekly proposed to the British Plenipotentiary to surrender to England to the 49th degree, giving up nearly six degrees of latitude and an amount of territory sufficient to make five large States.

When Minister to England he went far out of his way to join with two slaveocrats—JOHN Y. MASON and PIERRE SOULE—in the famous Ostend Manifesto—the object of which was to irritate Spain into a war, that would enable us to seize Cuba for the Southern Confederacy that was then dreamed of by the future leaders of the Rebellion.

But these acts—and many more—of slavish subserviency, were forgotten when the Southern conspirators made him President, and his zeal in the service of his masters spread over and extinguisht all former bonds. At their suggestion, he sent United States troops to Kansas, and ordered them to harry, dragoon and oppress the Free Soilers. By his orders United States cavalry broke up Free Soil meetings, dispersed Free Soil conventions, arrested, imprisoned, or drove out of the State the prominent men opposed to the establishment of slavery. By his authority bands of lawless Missourians invaded Kansas and ravaged, outraged, and murdered the Northern immigrants.

By his sanction the higher officers of the regiments in the Regular Army were made to consist of Southerners and men who, having married rich Southern wives, were presumed to be amenable to Southern control. By his sanction the traitor TWIGGS—with a most important command—was placed where it could be turned over to the Rebels, and so weaken the Government forces at the outset, and give at the same time a nucleus for the military power of the Rebels. His Secretary of War—presumably with his consent—stript the Northern arsenals to pour their contents into those of the South; his Secretary of the Navy, presumably with his knowledge and consent sent every loyal officer, and every United States ship in commission to the most remote parts of the earth, that they might render no assistance in the impending conflict.

When the conspiracy culminated he could have nipt it by a single stroke of the pen, by a single word declarative of his purpose to maintain the Union and enforce its authority, but he was too much of a slave to his masters to think of thwarting their wishes for a moment During the momentous months of December, 1860, and January and February, 1861, he sat in his place, inert and paralyzing to all friends of the Nation—sat there to tie the hands of those who would do something for the Government, while State after State seceded and captured arsenals and forts, belonging to the Government. which afterward cost immense expenditures of blood and treasure to regain. He could have prevented this, by a single expression of encouragement to the friends of the Union, but he would give none. He would not even send the necessary supplies to the hungry soldiers who had occupied Fort Sumter, and when on the 4th of March the Nation was relieved from the incubus of his administration, it rose up as if awakening from the oppression of a nightmare, and he went down to posterity as infinitely the weakest and most despicable figure in American history.

Such was the other Pennsylvanian nominated at a former Democratic Convention in Cincinnati. Shall we tempt history to repeat itself by the election of another JAMES BUCHANAN in W. S. HANCOCK?

HANCOCK AS A SOLDIER.

Gen. HANCOCK was an excellent fighting soldier.

He was not the best that the war produced, by any means, because the excellence of his fighting seemed to have no more satisfactory basis than natural courage and professional pride.

It was always evident that it was not so much attachment to the cause, and ardent desire to make it successful, that inspired him, as that self esteem which urges a man to do well that which is expected of him in the position he occupies.

He is such a soldier a West Point loves to turn out—a man like MCCLELLAN, MEADE, MCDOWELL, BUELL, WARREN, and a host of others who could be named, —correct, careful, unimpassioned professionals, who do or fail at any work they are given according to the traditions and teachings of their school and profession. They enter into a war as they do upon a bit of engineering work that may be assigned them. They will apply the means and material furnisht them in a reasonably skilful and economical way to the accomplishment of the object designed. If they are amply sufficient for a successful prosecution of the work, all right; if not they will nonchalantly dismiss the matter, as of the failure being of no consequence.

They bring to the their tasks no enthusiasm, no splendid determination to achieve success, regardless of what the odds against them.

They stand at the opposite extreme from such soldiers as LYON, GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, THOMAS, and their kind, who went into the war as earnest men embark in any other enterprise: with a determination to win success, if it is possible that success can be won. The first named list of men intended to crush the Rebellion, if they were given an *amply* sufficient force to do it with, and their own time and way of doing it. If the people were not ready to accede to their demands in all their fulness, they were quite as ready to relinquish the job, without a twinge of feeling, and let the blame for the failure rest upon the people.

The second named list were resolved to crush the Rebellion at all hazards; they went heart and soul into the conflict, feeling that the success of the Rebellion would be a mortal blow to them, which they were determined to avert. They were like the man whose own house is afire, and who fights the conflagration not only with the means the City sends to his assistance but with every bucket and pail, and every neighbors' assistance that he can command. HANCOCK, MEADE, BUELL *et al.* were like the professional fireman, who makes reasonable efforts to get to the scene of the fire, and reasonable efforts to stay it, but lays all the blame for failure to the City's scarcity of fire engines, and the distance they have to travel. Of course, the difference in the results accomplisht by these two is world wide.

THE Indianapolis Journal gives this dispassionate and discriminating sketch of the Democratic nominee for the Vice Presidency:

Hon. William H. English, candidate for Vice President, is a native of Indiana, having been born in Scott County in 1822. He was educated for a lawyer, but entered politics early in life. He first entered in National politics as a clerk in the Treasury Department under President Polk's administration, where by his economy and thrift as a money-lender to his fellow clerks he laid the foundation of his future fortune. Returning to Indiana, he held some other subordinate positions, and in 1852 was elected to Congress, where he made some mark as the author of the "English bill," a compromise measure during the Kansas-Nebraska troubles. He served four terms in Congress. During the war he was a War Democrat, and has frequently voted the Republican ticket since. For several years past he has been engaged in National banking in this City, and has accumulated a fortune which is called large in this part of the country. His recent entrance into politics was rather 'pooh-poohed by Mr. Hendricks and his followers, but those who knew Mr. English knew he meant business. The result shows he did. He is a shrewd politician and organizer. He knows how to cover his tracks, and, if necessary, how to avoid making any. He belongs to the Tilden school of politicians. In conversation with a Republican, a few days ago, he said, "Hendricks is a tyro, and Joe. McDonald a mere blacksmith in politics." Mr. English regards himself as an expert. Some of his enemies say he was put on the ticket to give it moral tone. Others say he was put on to please the workingmen. Still others assert that his nomination was intended to rally the bald-headed men and the loose young men of the Republican party. But the general opinion is that the Convention was feeling after his pocket-book. Mr. English is rich, and if he can be induced to "shell out," may help to give life to a campaign which would otherwise be very tame. We have this to say, however: If anybody thinks that he can carry Indiana, they are wofully mistaken. The strongest man in his party could not carry the State this year, and he is far from the strongest man in his party.

BY a herculean effort Parson NASBY has this week succeeded in convincing the Democrats at the Corners that HANCOCK'S barl although not so large as TILDEN'S will yet be of very material advantage to them, and that they cannot afford to ignore it. Also, that the appropriations can still be secured if they work hard enough for them. The Parson has entered enthusiastically into the campaign, and we expect to hear from him regularly every week.

INDIAN BUREAU PURCHASES.

It costs something to maintain the Indian Bureau. Annually $5,000,000 are expended, $3,000,000 of it in making purchases for Indians. There are distributed among 280,000 savages, from 72 agencies, the number at present in the United States. This expense, in place of diminishing, is constantly increasing, and will continue to do so, as the Indians, instead of dying out, as they have been popularly supposed to be, are in reality multiplying. Unless, then, some scheme can be devised by which they can be made self supporting, the burden will become in time insupportable. The best outlook is in educating the youth, and then giving them some incentive for the future, by permitting them to own the land upon which they are to live. This question the BLADE has discussed before at considerable length.

A representative of the New York *Tribune* lately interviewed Mr. POLLOCK, one of the United States Indian Inspectors, now assisting in making the purchases for the Bureau the coming year. Having lived among the red men for over 20 years, he fully understands their character, and some of their peculiarities are exceedingly strange. For instance they hate gray cloth, and will wear nothing made of it. Paste beads are an abomination. Nothing but glass will do. Second hand clothing, no matter how excellent it may be, they reject with scorn. Some years ago a quantity was bought in Philadelphia or near there by the Quakers, who sent it out to the Otoe Agency, of which they have the spiritual charge. The Indians were filled with indignation at receiving such a present, and it yet lies stored away in a Quaker school house near Otoe.

The following description by Mr. POLLOCK of the mode of awarding contracts by the Indian Commissioners will interest those who are not familiar with it:

"The system by which this is done is one that has been gradually introduced since 1875. Before that time there was absolutely no method used, although the United States had been dealing with this question for nearly a hundred years. Before 1875 all purchases for this Department were made in open market. If an agent wanted anything, he went and bought it wherever he chose and at whatever price he chose to pay. If he had any relative in business within reach, he usually gave him his patronage. Under the present system, an agent cannot buy a paper of pins without authority. They are held so strictly accountable for everything they do that very few attempts are made to cheat the Government, and these are usually made at the remote Western agencies. Now every purchase made by the Indian Bureau is advertised in the newspapers in all leading Cities in the Union, and the contract is awarded to the lowest bidder. The method used in awarding these contracts is very fair. Every bid sent to the Commissioners has to be accompanied by a sample of the goods. Every bidder is given a number, and this number is attached to his goods. All the goods of one kind are then examined by the committee, assisted by a local expert who is thoroughly posted in goods of this description. Neither the committee nor the expert knows the numbers of the different bidders, so that the awards are made on the absolute merits of the goods. After the bids have been awarded, the goods furnished by each contractor are carefully examined by an expert to see that they are equal in quality to the sample furnished. This system precludes the possibility of corruption as far as any system can.

NEEDED CHANGE.

London papers are agitating a subject which American papers would do well to take up to see if the public mind cannot be influenced in the right direction. This is in regard to merchants providing their women clerks with seats which they can occupy when not obliged to be upon their feet. Physicians unite in declaring that long continued standing is detrimental, and there are many times during the day when these clerks could sit down and rest without in the least neglecting their business. Yet the majority of proprietors will not allow them to do so, and there are many who would discharge a clerk who ventured to take such a liberty.

The London *Lancet* is one of the most pertinacious papers in making this demand upon London shop keepers, and its determination will probably bring success. Another paper which has been roused by the *Lancet's* continued hammering at the subject, makes the following suggestion:

It is ridiculous to pretend that an immense amount of the 'waiting' in shops cannot be done sitting. After all, the public have the matter in their own hands. If the ladies who enjoy a morning's shopping, would make a point of asking the girls who serve them, to sit down while the work of the choosing and examining goes on, tradespeople would soon begin to provide seats. Perhaps it would be asking too much to expect a customer to hand a shop woman a chair over the counter; but, if no seat was not to be found, any lady with a common sense of humanity could at least leave the shop."

There is no manner of doubt but that the seats which are so plentifully provided for customers are far more needed behind the counter than before it. A visit to the stores in this City will convince any one that the employment of women as Clerks is not a health-giving one. Pale and weary faces are the rule; a rosy, healthy one, the exception. And there is no more necessity for this beyond the inevitable drag of monotonous and often severe physical labor than in other pursuits by which they earn their living. A little consideration on the part of merchant employers would diminish their hardships, and their work would be as well and as efficiently done. One of the best ways to show this consideration would be to furnish seats for their employes, so that the latter could rest at every available moment. If the women who shop would interest themselves in the matter, the change would be more readily brought about.

CAMELESS CORRESPONDENTS.

In spite of all cautions we continue to receive letters from subscribers who fail to give their full names or addresses. Here are some of the latest, and we cannot forward their papers till they supply the deficiency.

P. C. Morton, P. M., Allinwood—no State.

W. H. Dukeshier, no postoffice, Buchanan County, Mo., contains 50c for a book.

No postoffice, County or State. Contains $1.75.

IT now develops that the fact of GEN. HANCOCK being a devout Catholic had much to do with his receiving the nomination. This has been denied by some papers, but the following communication from CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY, which the Cleveland *Leader* publishes, proves the General's religion beyond a doubt.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1880.

General Winfield S. Hancock:

BELOVED SON: I tender congratulations upon your nomination. The children of your illustrious namesake and your own were reared in our holy church. May the teachings they have imbued lead you wholly within our fold, and may the earnest prayers of the faithful place you in the highest position in the Republic.

Affectionately and fraternally,
[Signed] JOHN, Archbishop.

PLASTIC MATERIAL.

At 16 years of age—when he was entirely too young to have any political ideas—WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK was sent to West Point to be prepared for a commission in the Army. This preparation began in the usual West Point manner, by impressing upon him that political ideas were not part of the usual intellectual outfit of an "officer and a gentleman." It was a mark of superiority not to have them, because "cads"—the lowest of human creatures, in the West Point scale—were always violent partizans, and that a "cad" does anything is the best reason in the world why a West Pointer should not do it.

This training of a mind of the character of Gen. HANCOCK'S—a mind more addicted to the pomp and show and glitter of life than to the contemplation of the sober realities in the background—resulted in its political emasculation. He learned to despise politicians, political talk, and political methods, with the true fervor of the older officers of the Regular Army. This was all "caadish" to them—all unworthy the serious attention of gentlemen whose intellects were occupied with the nobler purposes of crowding as many good looking young officers as possible upon staff duty in Washington, and of extracting the highest amount of pleasure derivable from the income, the leisure and the social position pertaining to the possession of a commission in the Army.

If they had to have political predilections, then these would be in favor of the Democrats, who held the power in the Nation, and always expected to do so; who were the social as well as political magnates at Washington, and who were —with their slaves, their plantations, and their boundless leisure, even more pretentious "gentlemen" than the snobbish alumni of the Military Academy.

As for sympathy with the great middle class of the people—for the men and women who were looking upon slavery as the great cancer of the body politic, which must be arrested or extirpated, or else it would destroy the Nation's life, they could have no sympathy—no toleration. At least the school of brilliant ornaments of Washington society—LEE, MCCLELLAN, MCDOWELL, BEAUREGARD, HANCOCK, etc., could not, whatever might be done by the plebeians like GRANT, SHERIDAN, LYON, etc, who in the solitude of the frontier posts to which they were exiled, were liable to develop any form of mental eccentricity.

It is plastic material like this that the Democrats have undertaken to mold to their purposes. They find that Gen. HANCOCK'S mind has been lying fallow, politically, and they propose to seed it down for their own kind of crops. It seems strange that a man of even mediocre ability should live through the past quarter of a century without having its events teach him the most important political lessons. That Gen. HANCOCK has been able to do this—that he has been able to maintain such an indifference to the meaning of the events in which he was a conspicuous actor, as to mistake it utterly—shows how West Point's teachings follow him through life.

To him the recognition of a certain social set has been of more importance than the perception of the great principles for which men fight and die. Such is his confusion of ideas that he imagines the Democratic and Republican parties are separated by no more different lines of demarkation than separate different clubs in New York City. If he were in one club and it became a matter of etiquet to fight another club, he would do it bravely and well, just the same as he fulfils all the other requirements of a gentleman's position.

This is not the kind of a man whom we desire to make President of the United States—especially when we have him prest for that office by all the men, without exception, whose acts, intrigues, principles and conspiracies have been characterized by deadly hostility to the country. His whole life has been one of persistent blindness, to their machinations he has never written or spoken a syllable to indicate his knowledge of the fact that these men were doing a thing that they should not do. He fought them under the orders of his superiors, just as he fought the Mexicans, and for aught the country knows to the contrary, he regarded LEE behind the Rappahanock as engaged in quite as just a cause, as SANTA ANNA on the hights of Churubusco. His cultivated indifference has begot an obtuseness of perception as to distinction in principle that would justify the belief that he is unable to see any difference between men defending their country from foreign invasion, and others who would destroy their country by causeless rebellion. This obtuseness makes him the fittest soldier the Democrats could have chosen. He can be used for any purpose,—his soldierly reputation can be made as effective a tool to carry out their designs, as FRANKLIN PIERCE'S political cunning or JAMES BUCHANAN'S more polished shrewdness was. This is why his election would be such a calamity to the country.

OUR GARFIELD PORTRAITS.

We have received the first installment of our new Garfield portraits, and on Friday of this week shall mail copies to all our subscribers who are entitled to them up to that date, and will continue the mailing regularly every week hereafter. So many of our readers will soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits of this picture, that we will not now attempt to commend it further, but only add that all who have seen it find only food for praise. The portrait is its own best eulogy, and it will need no flattering notices to make it popular where it has been seen. Our old readers and subscribers who know what the BLADE is can aid us greatly if when they receive copies of the portrait they take pains to show it widely and attract the attention of all who are like to be interested. Those who are in stores or offices could help the Cause very much by hanging their portraits in their windows or on their walls, so that they may be generally seen. If every earnest Republican would devote one day's work in the next month to raising subscribers for the campaign BLADE, he will do more toward insuring a Republican victory in November than he could possibly accomplish in any other manner.

OVER a hundred physicians have visited Dr. TANNER since he began his fast, and one and all are thoroughly convinced of his sincerity. Public interest in the matter seems to be deepening daily.

NASBY.

The Democracy of the Corners Have Some Doubts, Which Mr. Nasby Dispels With His Usual Ability.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(which is in the State uv Kentucky.)
July 1, 1880.

There haz bin altogether too much gloom among the Dimocrisy uv the Corners to soot me, and I determined to bring it to a hed. The first dooty uv a Dimokrat is to vote the tikkit sot afore him, and if he can't do that he ain't no Dimokrat. The Western landlord who hed a fastjus boarder wich didn't like hash, hed the proper method. When the boarder put in a mild protest that he wood like suthin beside hash, the landlord pulled out a carvin knife, and seezin him by the throte remarkt: "You *do* like hash, don't you?" The boarder looked at the knife and concloodid that hash wuz the best possible food for him, and order wuz restored to-wunst.

Precisely so in pollytix. Ef a Dimocrat don't like a nominashun the carvin knife must be appealed to.

Deekin Pogram swore that he wood-en't vote for Hancock, nohow. Hancock wore a blue uniform doorin the war, and he (Pogram) hed suffered too much by the subjoogashen uv the South to support any man wich hed assistid in the subjoogashen.

Issaker Gavitt woodent vote for Hancock, becoz he bleeved that Tilden shood hev bin nominatid, or some Dimokrat ekally able to open a barl or two.

Baseom didn't like the nominashen for he hed, ez yit, seen no indicashens uv any expenditoors for the coz.

Capt. M'Pelter remarkt that the nominashen uv Hancock wuz a betrayal uv the South, becoz Hancock hed born arms agin the centrel jees uv Southern Democrisy.

I hed one reply to make to these mistaikid men, wich I did. Ez to the barl there wuz other barls besides Tilden's Hancock hedn't much uv a barl, but he hed frends wich hed, and English hed one uv his own. The Corners musn't jump at conclooshuns. The Corners kin wait. The refreshen shower will come, and the Corners will git all that it is entitled to. No Reform Dimocratic Committee is a goin into a campaine without money, and we shel git our share uv it. It is us uv the Corners who hez to colonize the Southern Counties in Injeany, for the October elockshun, and uv course they will be money pervided to pay our expenses. So much for that.

Ez to the nominashen uv Gen. Hancock, wat more could we want? Wat difference does it make to us who the candidate is? Wat we want is results. I want the post-offis that I may live in comfort and pay what I owe to the citizens uv the Corners. [Wild cheers.] Issaker Gavitt wants to be Collector, and Capt. M'Pelter wants a place in the Revenoo, and Deekin Pogram wants to be suthin or other. Then the Corners wants Sceesha Crik slack watered, and a railerode connectin it with the Suthen Pacific, and a Custom House, and she wants her Southern soljers pensioned, and the losses she sustaned made good by the Fedrel Guverment.

Ef Gen. Hancock is electid, is he agoin to continyoo the nigger Lubbock in the post-offis? Is he goin to continyoo Pollock, the Illinoy disturber, ez Collector? Is he goin to refoose the Corners the internal improvements they want? Ef we wich electid him wants penshuns and pay for losses is he goin to refoose?

Not much. The creature kin never be sooperior to the creator. It is *us* wich will make him President of he is President. It is to *us* that he will owe his rise, and he can't go back onto us.

I ain't a bit afrade uv any man wich will take a nominashen at our hands. A Northern man that will do that may be counted upon to carry out the bargain that gave him to us, for he hez nothin else to do. When sich a man comes over to us he burns his bridges and is ours for keps. I hed ruther trust him than a Southern man, for he hez everything to make by bein troo to us, and nothin to lose.

Yoo say we mite hev nominatid a Southern soljer jist ez well. Troo, but we could not hev electid him. The North wood resent that, and we shood hev bin no better off than we are now. But Hancock will git the northern votes necessary to elect him, and ez he will doo our work jist the same ez a Southern man, what difference is it to us? I don't keer wat yooniform a soljer wore in the war, so that he does wat we want him to do now.

We want Post-Offices, and appropriashens, and ef we elect Hancock we git em, and ef we don't we don't. Let us be as wise as serpints anyhow, jist now, and the dove biznis we will consider hereafter.

The friends took another view uv the matter after my remarks, and decidid that after all it wood be better to support Hancock corjelly. All uv us agreed to go to Injeany in time to vote there in October, pervided alluz the funds wuz forthcomin. Issaker Gavitt sez he will manage to git in five good votes, and Capt. M'Pelter is ekally enthoosiastic. The Corners is all rite sgin, and the Dimocrisy may look for a good report from Injeany. I shel organize for that State to wunst. The skies is britenin.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, (with hopes.)

THE era of conciliation and of good feeling seems to be like the fun in a practical joke: there is never enough of it to go clear around. It is liable to stop short just when and when it should not. For instance, conciliating our Southern brethren has always seemed to be a charming thing, but when it came their turn to conciliate us for all the harm they did us, they would not reciprocate a hairsbreadth. Now, while the Democrats of the North are coddling those of the South like a fresh baby or a new wife, and abusing all Republicans who show any reluctance to doing likewise, here is the way a leading Democratic paper in the South—the Mississippi *Star*—talks:

Inaugurate social ostracism against every white man North or South that gives his support to the building up of the Republican party; discountenance any man who will go on or assist in making the bond of any man elected on the Republican ticket; refuse to have dealings of any sort with the Republican party, and show to the world that you are in truth and deed a true Democrat.

THE EFFECT of Western civilization upon the Chinese is beginning to show in various ways. A Nandarin who has a farm of 5,000 acres about 80 miles north of Tien-tsin is going to commence farming as it is conducted here, and also enter into stock raising. This will make a new era in China

THE CAMPAIGN BLADE.

How to aid in Republican Victory.

The campaign BLADE will present each week a comprehensive review of whatever is important or significant in relation to the political campaign throughout the entire country, accompanied by clear and able editorial comment. It will contain every week one of those unanswerable attacks upon the sins and follies of the Democracy which have done more than anything else to overthrow its fallacies and expose its false pretenses, and which have made the reputation of the "Nasby Letters" exclusive with the limits of the country itself. In all the general features which go to make up a choice news and family paper, the BLADE will continue fully to maintain its past high reputation and to surpass it as much as talent and experience can make it possible.

The price of the BLADE during the coming campaign will be 50 cents for three months, with a copy of the GARFIELD portrait described below; or $1.00 for six months, portrait also included. Clubs of six or upward, three months, with copy of the portrait to every subscriber, 40 cents each. Clubs of six or upward, six months with portrait to each subscriber, 80 cents each. We do not make any subscription offer "for the campaign" for the simple reason that the time is indefinite, and that such an arrangement can hardly work fairly for all our subscribers. But we give prices for three and six months, and in this way all subscribers receive precisely the same return for their money and are all on an equal footing

We have just received from the engravers, the first lot of our campaign portrait of Gen. GARFIELD, Republican candidate for President, and are happy to state that in every particular, it fulfills our highest expectations. The likeness is acknowledged by all who have seen the General to be as nearly perfect as possible, and as an artistic production the picture itself is simply beyond criticism. The work shows a wonderful softness and delicacy of handling, while it is as clear, distinct and life-like as the finest photograph. In fact at a distance of 10 feet it cannot be distinguished from a photograph finished in India ink. The portrait is surrounded by a beautiful wreath of oak and laurel, at the top and bottom of which are superimposed the national symbols. At the right and left of the lower part are allegorical scenes representing Commerce and Agriculture The whole work is without an equal, and we feel that we can send it to our subscribers with the fullest confidence that it is all and more than has been claimed for it.

As already stated, the portrait is 19 by 24 inches in size, and engraved on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing. These pictures are not for sale at any price, but in order that persons now on our books may have an opportunity to secure a portrait, we will send a copy to any of our subscribers who will enclose 50c for an extension of three months on his present subscription. In ordering, please state distinctly that the

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM RUSSIA.

The Political Outlook—The Last Year of the Hayes Administration—The Debt Statement.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, July 2.

The political campaign does not, as yet, boom to any large extent, and the Democrats, especially, act as if a wet blanket had fallen on their hopes. Gen. Hancock appears to have elements of weakness just where he was expected to develop his greatest strength. All the news that we get from Indiana is to the effect that the Democratic ticket cannot poll the usual strength of the party in that State. Ex-Treasurer New was here a few days ago and was very emphatic in his assurances that the state would go Republican and choose Garfield electors. From New York Gen. Apathy is reported to be more than a match for Gen. Hancock. The people of that State do not choose according to order, and, while it continues to be asserted that the military nomination has reconciled all the various interests if the party there is a sullen indifference towards it which is causing a good deal of concern to the Democratic leaders.

John Kelley and his little ring of bolters feel happy over their triumph and are willing to forgive everybody and let by-gones be by-gones, but the Robinson and Tilden men who were defeated last fall remember the stab which Tammany put in under the fifth rib and are waiting an opportunity to return it. The old sores are not healed, and the enforced withdrawal of Mr. Tilden, and the substitution of a new and strange leader has greatly demoralized the Democratic forces and doubts are expressed as to whether the broken lines can be brought together and made solid in time for the November battle.

Meantime the scratchers, the Independents, the anti-third termers and all the other factions outside of John Kelley, appear to be giving in their adhesion to Gen. Garfield. *Harper's Weekly* has come back to its first love and speaks again "the words of truth and soberness." General Hancock, it says, "represents no policy, no issue, nothing but the party which has nominated him; and he will be supported by those only who think that the public welfare will be promoted by bringing the Democratic party into power. General Garfield, on the other hand, is not only a citizen soldier of distinction, but a statesman of wide experience and sagacity, of unusual tact, a leader of signal ability and a gentleman of unblemished character, who stands for the best sentiment of that party which is identified with the patriotism, the intelligence, the free industry and the progressive spirit of the country."

Then, while General Hancock has not been concerned in regard to the great interests of the country and is not known to have opinions about the tariff, interal commerce, reconstruction and a thousand other things which generally enter into a campaign, it begins to be understood that he has sometimes taken sides, and when he has done so has not shown more tact, or discretion, or singleness of purpose than men of less reputation. It is remembered that his course in Texas was decidedly adverse to what Washington called "the rights of human nature," and that in the matter of the electorial commission he was imprudent enough to let it be given out that, as an officer of the army, he should feel bound, in case Mr. Tilden took the oath of office, to obey him as the Commander-in-Chief.

If this should prove to be true (and it is asserted by several members of Congress) it cannot fail to make a strong impression on the country. We are not anxious to plunge into another rebellion, and the electoral commission was devised and agreed to by our highest legislative authority, representing both parties, for the very purpose of avoiding such a catastrophe. All the questions in dispute were submitted to arbitration; and if there is any duty that is perfectly free from all doubt it should be the duty of abiding by the decision of a Court fairly constituted and for a purpose so truly noble and patriotic. The Democratic party in this regard, is better than its candidate. It stood by the decision of the Commission, distasteful as it was, and only showed its meanness in shouting the cry of fraud after the crisis was passed and the great issues settled. But the course proposed by Gen. Hancock, if he is not misrepresented by his friends, he is not misrepresented to another rebellion.

The Hayes administration is on its last year, and will, apparently, go out with a record of integrity, economy and accomplished good, which will compare favorably with any other administration. The State Department has constituted its diplomatic officers in foreign countries agents for the promotion of commerce, and the acts which they have brought to light have given a remarkable stimulation to trade, the effects of which will be felt for many years to come. The public peace has been preserved, the internal productions of the country have increased more rapidly than ever and arts, science, education and the general well being of the people have been steadily improved. In the Treasury Department the finances have been systemized, the public debt funded on more favorable terms than the most sanguine had hoped for, the public obligations have been steadily reduced and the great achievement of specie payment has been accomplished, while great losses and defalcations have been wholly unknown. A statement is made to-day which may well command the admiration of the country. In the bureau of Internal Revenue the great sum of $500,000,000 has been collected through the aid of an army of officers and not a dollar lost. The steal in the Brooklyn office has been made good and three or four other troublesome deficiencies have been settled up, and it is announced that we enter on the new year (July 1) with all the accounts square.

It also appears that the Navy Department has done the extraordinary thing of beginning the fiscal year with a surplus. It has in its treasury the snug sum of $2,460,000 and shows a saving of about half a million over the transactions of the former year. If it is difficult to say, just now, whether this is really an economy or not. If it means rotten ships and deficient preparations for ocean service, it is no economy, but as now regarded, it appears to be the work of prudential management.

The general freedom of the administration from large defalcations is one of the things which cannot help attracting notice, as strongly does it contrast with the other business operations of the country. Everybody that reads the newspapers cannot help noticing how frequent have been the plunderings in banks, insurance offices, railroad and telegraph companies' offices in Counties and Towns and wherever else trust funds are garnered. But, even in these there is lately some improvement, while in the Government there has scarcely been a scandal during all these years of depression and embarrassment. Clearly this is not accident, and when the passions and prejudices of the present have passed away and the historian tells the story of our times he will see, what we have failed to see, that this administration has been one of the most conspicuously successful of any on record.

You will notice the very gratifying condition of the debt statement for the closing month of the financial year. The payment of 10 millions is exceptionally large, while it appears that the sum of 85 millions has been paid during the year. Our great war debt, which it was so often said would never be paid, is now well in hand, and is no longer a source of uneasiness. It is evident that it can easily be paid, and that it has been no very serious draw back on the progress and prosperity of the nation. BUCKEYE.

—Try for your loss of appetite and dyspepsia an old and valuable remedial agent Nichols & Co's *Bark and Iron*.

AROUND CAPE HORN.

Six Months on Blue Water.

A Very Old-Fashioned Experience.

A Lady's Log of a Trip in a Sailing Vessel from New York to San Francisco—One Hundred and Sixty-Five Days of Winds, Storms and Calms.

PART VIII.

Sunday, Sept. 28.—Our speed during the past week was not at all satisfactory—wind dead ahead most of the time. In other respects the weather has been as charming as just the right temperature, and an unclouded sky, with an atmosphere as pure as the breath of heaven could make it. It seems like life itself to think of the miles upon miles of uncontaminated oxygen about us. Then what can I say of our sunsets here. The sky is wont to be set off with breadths and depths of color with which poets seek in vain to dye their verses, and which painters never dare to copy. The Cape pigeons have increased in numbers, and at noon our first "Albatross" crossed our bows and sailed majestically away until lost in the distant horizon. The usual Sunday sail was visible at an early hour this morning—the first we have seen since my record, and now in the day, the sweetest, sauciest and span barkentine, the "Susan Beacon," from Brazil and bound to New York, crossed so close to our stern that we might have tossed a biscuit aboard, a dog barked loudly at us, but whether he intended it as a friendly greeting or as a protest to our somewhat formidable size I am not prepared to say. A couple of ladies waved their handkerchiefs while we all stared harder at each other through our opera glasses than we should have done had we expected to meet again. The day was quite fruitful in events. We still had our admiring regards fixed upon the graceful craft as she lightly sped before the breeze, when a plunge and a snort immediately alongside of us, and a laconic "whale" from the quartermaster brought us to the tafrail. We obtained two or three glimpses of the brute as he rose to the surface to breathe, but they were not very satisfactory. While we were still watching for him to spout, and before our visual organs had resumed their normal dimensions a queer specimen hove in sight. It looked as much like an exaggerated ball of Dexter's cotton as anything I can think. During our speculations as to what it could be, it thrust out a number of paddles, flippers, legs or whatever name would apply to his means of locomotion, and with an infinite little scramble, and without as much as an "excuse me if you please," sank from our gaze.

Sept 29th—It was very beautiful last evening, the moon was at her full, and showed off our new sails to great advantage, but along in the wee small hours a heavy rain storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning visited us, and lasted until everything was pretty thoroughly soaked. I really can not imagine anything wetter than a ship in a big rain. The Captain was justified in his solicitude about the roof, for it leaks in a number of places; in any state room the drops chase each other merrily along the unsteady ceiling, leaving damp discoloration on counterpanes or linen freighted shelf or accumulate in mimic rivulets on the floor. I nimbly dodged between the drops while making my toilet and set the few utensils my apartment boasts in the most favorable position for catching the water. As the available part of my state room has been considerably diminished in size by the extension to the berth, it as you may surmise a decidedly contingent spot to skip about in, but notwithstanding the ship was rolling those habiliments were scrambled into some way and no crockery capsized. A no mean feat of agility, I do assure you! When the arduous duty of dressing was accomplished our cabin people crowded into the forward companion way to look at the dripping sailors, and watch the water as the ship rolled, pouring in a broad shallow sheet from port to starboard and back again. Then we viewed with hungry commiseration the steward as he splashed hurriedly up from the galley with the steaming breakfast. Simultaneously the rain poured by us, leaving great quantities of water in his wake. He absolutely refused to be put through the wringer, but took an equally efficacious way of drying himself before partaking of his matutinal repast, or so we judged from the dripping garments flung hastily from his window onto the deck for one of his quartermasters to wring out and dry. In duck language the creatures in question proclaimed that it was a good day for them at all events. When we had entirely exhausted the theme of wetness, and with the inevitable limpness of spirits accompanying an excess of hydrogen in the atmosphere, swayed the sodden shrouds, the weeping cordage and tearful skies, we picked our way to the after cabin to hunt up a comparatively dry spot on which to deposit our thoroughly disgusted avoirdupois.

September 30th—Squally and very rough. Before breakfast this morning we saw a glorious rainbow, it seemed to spring full fledged from the ocean in the eastern sky, span the heavens and then fade away to the Western horizon. We chanced to see it just before a squall struck us, so that it stood out in bold relief against an unbroken back ground of darkest grey. As if it were intended that we should have a full prismatic meal, each wave seemed clad in rain-bow armor, there were sections, cubes and chunks of rainbows thrown off by the agitated billows; rain-bows full fledged, and in their ripest maturity, dainty, retiring rain bows, the merest, faintest shadows of rainbows, forward, aft and abeam, near and far the exquisite hues were born and gathered to their fathers and born again beneath our admiring eyes. The faithful chronicler will let you down as softly as her office will permit. Dr. O. W. Holmes says, (I think through the mouth of the *Autocrat*) in his own inimitable, charming style, that facts are bull dogs let loose on society. It is impossible not to agree with him and it is a thankless, uncongenial act to unleash one of the ugly brood, but it is the bounden duty of the "F. C." to set down facts. Miss C. is sea-sick and it is rice cake morning.

Oct. 1st.—Had I known the name of the especial deity who presided over the destinies of washer-women, I should have made my orisons to her last night as my clothes have been "in soak" to these many days, and for aught I know are by this time reduced to unrecognizable pulp, but having no means of ascertaining the cognomen of the deity in question, I heaved a regretful sigh, and taking advantage of a favorable lurch of the ship, plunged safely if not gracefully into my berth.

Our usual rubber of whist last evening was played in the forward cabin on the dining table, and by the uncertain glimmer of a swinging, badly trimmed lamp. The reason we emigrated from the after cabin was that there was so much motion that we were in danger of pulling the marble topped center table up by the roots.

Mrs. F. whose late-born infatuation for cards no fulsome abuse can quench, says that if it becomes very much rougher we will have to play, seated flat on the floor in a corner and toe to toe. That it is more rough was rather disagreeably demonstrated this morning. While beading over my berth with a piece of sewing a sea came over with such force that in spite of my closed window it forced its way in all about the sash and deluged everything on the bed. With a somewhat surprising presence of mind the counterpane was jerked off in a twinkling, after which there was a shaking and wringing out, and swabbing up as the waves had made a fair exposé of their propensities for the day the wooden shutters all along the weather side were put up, with a square of canvas shut tightly between. This is called "battening." The birds have become quite numerous, and it is a pleasure to watch their graceful sailing, for I can scarcely call it flying, as there is no apparent motion of the wings. They accompany, and seem to be attracted by the ship, and dip and sail round and round us in continuous elegant evolutions, but

"When the wind does blow
We generally go below,"

until that important auxiliary shall be tempered to suit our individual ideas of comfort. It is then that I wonder how a person troubled with nerves would ever endure the interminable story told us by the laboring ship's timber, a tale with introduction, sequel, appendix supplement and biographical sketch of author, all comprised in the reiteration of "creak-crack creak crack," night and day and all the time; if through the intervention of some roller a momentiary diversion is created, there is, immediately after it an accelerated creak cracking as if valuable time had been wasted which must be atoned for.

The unfortunate ones Miss C. and Mrs. E. are audibly bervailing the motion, and parting company with their meals with astonishing punctuality. Charlie the mess boy and the cood—a tall China man with wildly disheveled looks (indeed the only Mongolian I ever saw whose hair curled) had a fracas at an early hour this morning, and we were rudely awakened from our final nap by the hysterical weeping of the aggrieved Celestial, who, instead of taking the saucy youth across his knee with such laudable intentions as a mother might, insured the boy a far more severe punishment by the theatrical display I have mentioned, for the irate captain went for the offender and boxed his ears until they and the adjacent parts will bear the marks for a week. We are making nine knots and are rolling tremendously.

Oct. 2d—Lat. 33 deg. 41 min., Long. 42 deg. 56 min. The storm is over and the long deferred washing is finished. It was a cold and miserable business altogether. The sea was very rough last night, the wind was fair but there was a head sea, so that when we struck an advancing wave squarely the consequence would be a great shipping of water onto the main deck and a big shaking up generally. As my state room happens to be at present on the weather side, and as I occupy the weather side of my bed fellow, I have an industrious time of it climbing up hill all night, the process is not conducive to unbroken slumber or peaceful dreams than last night the repose of our small baggage, valises, chair and a box marked "breakfast coffee," but intended as a receptacle for miscellaneous matter, —(for it must be borne in mind that every storm of matter on ship board is apt, at any time, to be furiously erratic) was much disturbed, for they chased each other about as if bewitched to-day. However a firmly secured sort of dry dock has been constructed by the carpenter under our berth so there shall not be a repetition of last night's unseemly capers.

October 4th.—Yesterday all vestigas of the storm had disappeared, and sea and sky were in holiday attire—a regular out of door day, when sensible people hasten through with household affairs and get outside to pay tribute to Mother Nature. With book in hand I seated myself flat on the deck on the lee side of the wheelhouse, enjoying the grateful rays of the sun while I read or watched my companions while they fished for birds over the stern, in this manner securing a case of sun burn which is borne with far more philosophy at sea than it would be in port. Charlie, the mess boy, was the only lucky fisherman, and he hauled in two lovely Cape pigeons in the space of 10 minutes. These were soon dispatched and the wings and tails hung up in the wheel house to dry for Mrs. E. and me to whom they were given; the feathers plucked from the bodies were deposited in a canvass bag, as a beginning of a pillow which Miss C proposes making during the passage. I shall not make an enthusiastic fisherman unless my feelings become more calloused, for it seems the most wanton cruelty to destroy these harmless, singularly innocent looking creatures. The pigeons are, if possible, prettier on close inspection than they were at a distance. They measure from two and a half to three feet from tip to tip. Their feathers are exquisitely soft and abundant, and the birds are so exactly alike that you cannot tell one from another. The sunset last evening was a fit winding up of a perfect day. Would that it were possible to transfer to canvass the changing glories of that wondrous sky. For accessories, the seemingly endless, slightly ruffled ocean, our magnificent ship under full sail, and the thousands of sea birds cleaving the air, skimming the waves or resting on the water, that the picture should convey the exact idea there must be visible peace and tranquility with a faint but unmistakable suggestion of latent and terrible power. To-day the weather continues fine but we are going too fast for fishing. Preparations for the Horn are still in progress. The stove is being put up in the forward cabin, the caulkers continue to beat their tympanum shattering reveille, and the sailors with their tar buckets are seen in every direction, the hatches are lashed still more firmly to the decks and the sky sails with their yards are taken down completely. We passed two large patches of kelp weed yesterday, another of those ocean marks I mentioned. We are opposite the De La Plata river, and notwithstanding we are 200 miles away from it the water about us is decidedly muddy looking from it.

October 6th.—I am becoming quite a connoisseur in waves. Of all the different samples offered for our inspection within the last two months, the kind which suits me best and to which we were treated yesterday and Saturday are created in this way. Wind "dead aft" and lots of it and to have had it continued long enough to get the water in proper shape. Then we have those glorious, roaring, bounding billows—those turbulent, hurrying, yessty waves—piling themselves up in the maddest confusion and pouring their accumulated waters over each other's perpendicular sides, forming myriads of cascades, torrents and waterfalls. How they chase each other! a heavy repartee announcing the collision, while the spray—the smoke of combat—mounts triumphantly into the rigging, deluging the main deck in its descent.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sail,
And a wind that follows fast."

There must be quantities of phosphorus in the air, for all animated nature seems impregnated with the hurry and bustle of the glancing tumultuous waters. I think the birds enjoy it the most of all, for they are in constant motion—swimming and diving, darting, sailing, soaring, circling, indeed everything but flying through the air. The motion of sea birds on the wing is different from that of land birds. It is only once in a great while you will see one move its wing. It steers itself by its feet and its movement is surpassingly graceful. Yesterday we counted eight varieties, i. e., Mother Carys, Whale birds, Cape pigeons, gulls, gueneys, Cape hens; some very large white birds, which were not albatros, and no one seemed to know what to call them. Also a large, black bird.

We have no religious exercises aboard, but who would not be content with

"That Cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and the waves, its organ thunder;
Its dome the sky."

To-day what little wind there is is dead ahead, not a trace left of yesterday's commotion; our small table ware has ceased dancing hornpipes beneath our noses and condescends to await our pleasure in the using, while biscuits and the orbicular potato seem to have forgotten their erst while officious thru flug of themselves upon our (perhaps) unwilling notice. The washing and drying was accomplished speedily and without accident. The sun is warm, the air cold and the birds numerous and hungry, but the fishermen have met with only moderate success. One lake pigeon became entangled in a line, which it broke, and the last we saw of the poor little captive it was vainly struggling to free itself. An occasional rough day is both exhilerating and amusing, but we need now and then a rest. Perpetual posturing becomes fatiguing, and proud as we may be at performing intricate acrobatic feats, every time we cross the deck we still are content at stated intervals to rest upon our laurels, nurse our bruises in peace, and arm anew for the next contest with the powers of sea and air. JULIET.

A Busy Life.

The World's Dispensary at Buffalo, N. Y., is a great institution, having its auxiliary Invalids' Hotel, for accommodation of patients, costing its founder nearly half a million of dollars, and its branch in London, England, of similar proportions, where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets and other remedies are manufactured for the foreign trade, which extends to the East Indies, China and other far distant countries. All this mammoth business has been organized, systemized and built up by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has associated with himself as a Faculty, under the name of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a most competent staff of physicians and surgeons who annually treat many thousands of cases of chronic diseases, not by prescribing any set lot of remedies, but by using all such specific remedies as have, in a large experience, been found most efficacious. Besides organizing and directing this mammoth business of world-wide proportions, Dr. Pierce has found time to write a book on domestic medicine—entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—1,000 pages, 300 illustrations, selling at $1.50, and also to serve a term as State Senator and later as member of Congress. Surely he must be competent if he were to take the lecture platform, to discourse upon, "the recollections of a busy life."—*National Republican.*

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Something About His Early Life.

New York Times.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh's preference of an affirmation instead of an oath in the the House of Commons was thoroughly characteristic of him, and the faithful following out of his early antecedents. In his 16th year he was a model young Christian, an enthusiastic Sunday School teacher, and a promising member of the Church of England, but when the Bishop of London was announced to hold a confirmation in Bethnal Green, the incumbent of St. Peter's, Hackney road, in an evil hour, requested his youthful Sunday School teacher to be prepared with suitable answers to any questions which the Bishop might put in regard to the Thirty-nine Articles. This led young Bradlaugh to compare the articles with the Gospels, and, on coming across the difficulties, to address a respectful note to his clergyman in order that he might see his way through them. The incumbent, instead of helping the boy out of his troubles, informed his parents that their son had turned atheist, and suspended him for three months from the exercise of his functions as Sunday School teacher. Young Bradlaugh refused to attend church during the interval of his suspension as teacher, and soon began to spend his Sundays elsewhere and otherwise. It was the time of the Chartist movement, when thought was in a ferment both in and out of London, and Charles Bradlaugh was soon a regular out-of door disputant in Bonner's Fields, a suburb of the City, at first on the Orthodox Christian side, then as a test, then as a full fledged atheist. The next step in his career was to become a teetotaler. The crisis of his life now came. The incumbent of St. Peter's had laid the case of young Bradlaugh before the firm of coal merchants by whom he had been employed, and they gave him three days to change his opinions or lose his situation. He gave up both "beer and the Bible," and started out from his father's house a social outcast, being reduced to such straits in his 17th year that he enlisted in the Seventh Dragoon Guards, and served with his regiment for three years in Ireland. Inheriting from his aunt, in 1853, a small property, he bought his discharge from the army and began his studies for the Bar, lecturing frequently before free-thought institutions, and taking radical grounds on every question that came up. In 1862 he compelled an Anglican clergyman to pay $100 and the costs in a suit for libel affecting his wife and daughters, and yet withheld the name of his assailant from the public, in order that the priest might not be degraded from his office. His recent preference of the declaration to the oath in the House of Commons is of a piece with his early questionings, and the Church of England has to thank a blundering clergyman for the radicalism of one who knows how to hit hard, and whose position among the British Radicals is one of unquestioned power. Mr. Bradlaugh is now in his forty-seventh year.

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TROUBLES OF A PRINCESS.

Hampered and Hedged by Nonsensical Formalities.

The position of the Princess of Wales is too exalted a one to permit of much social enjoyment, yet has not the splendid potentiality of reigning royalty. The Princess too, is peculiarly unostentatious, and evidently finds the magnificent loneliness of her position an actual trial. To be young and beautiful, and idolized, and yet to be shut out from most forms of social amusement, can be by no means delightful. Yet there are, of course, very few houses even among those of the highest nobility, to which the Princess of Wales can go as an invited guest. And when she does go, an awful state hedges her around. She is passionately fond of dancing, yet no gentleman can ask her to dance. She it is who signals out the personage whom she desires as partner, and when she stands up to dance, all other dancers must sit down. After circling around the room some half a dozen times, she pauses and sits down to rest, and then the remainder of the waltzers may take a turn, but as soon as she stands up again they must stop. This solitary Grand Lama kind of performance cannot be very amusing to this kindly, genial, amiable lady. She is, I am told, a most accomplished dancer, despite her slight lameness. But, of all the recreations of her life she most enjoys driving in the park. In her little victoria with *dame de compagnie* beside her, she is free to enjoy the testimonials of affection and enthusiasm that meet her everywhere, and no one that notes the gracious smile and bow she rewith she returns every salutation can doubt her delight at her own popularity.

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Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
But this we find where'er we rove,
That Sozodont alone supplies
The dazzling teeth and ruby dyes,
That lend a maiden half the charms
That win her to her lover's arms.

Cincho-Quinine cures chills and fever.

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE

Of Gen. James B. Weaver, the Greenback Candidate for President.

CHICAGO, July 8.—Gen. J. B. Weaver the Greenback candidate for President has written a long letter of acceptance in which he expresses his gratification at the honor conferred upon him, and accepts the nomination as a solemn duty. He then says:

"Our party hath this significance; it is a great labor movement, composed of earnest people who earn their bread by honest toil, whether of hand, head or heart. It being the duty of man to earn his bread in the sweat of his face, it becomes the duty of civil Government to foster industry. All laws, therefore, which place a premium upon idleness, whether of men or money, unjustly discriminate in favor of capital, or withhold from honest men the full and just reward of their labor, are simply monstrous. Capital should be the servant of labor rather than its master. This great truth can never be realized until there is an adequate circulating medium, inasmuch as the circulating medium is for the benefit of all. Its issue volume should be sacredly kept under control of general Government without the intervention of banking corporations. All money, whether gold, silver or paper, should be received by the supreme authority of the nation and be made a full legal tender in pay of all debts, public and private. The system which now prevails gives into the hands of banking corporations absolute control over the volume of the currency, and through this they have the power to fix the price of the labor and property of 50,000,000 of people. Cognate to this, and a part of the same scheme, who annually treat many thousands of cases of chronic diseases, not by prescribing any set lot of remedies, but by using all such specific remedies as have, in a large experience, been found most efficacious. Besides organizing and directing this mammoth business of world-wide proportions, Dr. Pierce has found time to write a book on domestic medicine—entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—1,000 pages, 300 illustrations, selling at $1.50, and also to serve a term as State Senator and later as member of Congress. Surely he must be competent if he were to take the lecture platform, to discourse upon, "the recollections of a busy life."—*National Republican.*

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Cincho-Quinine cures chills and fever.

—MALT BITTERS regulate, purify, strengthen and nourish the maternal functions.

Grant's Way.

Since Gen. Grant's Chicago siege, people are telling anecdotes of him and his wife as if they were dead. One newspaper historian says that during the General's official eight years a lady called early one morning, desiring to see the President, and at the door stood a gentleman; and as the two sent in their cards a plain looking man, who stood waiting, sent in a bit of paper on which he had written, "One of your soldiers." Soon the voice of Mr. Grant was heard directing the servant:—"Request the lady to be seated in the parlor, show the gentleman into the office and tell the soldier to come to see the President."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE produces most excellent results in the prostration and nervous derangement consequent upon sunstroke.

Ups and Downs of Cities and Towns.

The changes of commerce that destroy and build up cities rapidly, almost like the visions of Aladin's golden lamp, find another exemplar in the seeming great prosperity of New Orleans, not only present, but still greater in the near future. War worn—poverty-crust—plague stricken—she, like a Phœnix, revives and presents a busy scene of wealth producing industry. But amid it all stands the Charity Hospital, which depends for its existence and every ready means of doing good on the revenue it derives from the sale of the tickets of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, whose drawings monthly afford an opportunity to win a fortune. For further information apply to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., or same person at No. 319 Broadway, New York City.

The Union Web Hammock, manufactured at Gloucester, Mass., by the Union Hammock Co., is one of the best and cheapest Hammocks made in this country. Drop them a postal card for information.

No remedy in the world ever came into such universal use, or has so fully won the confidence of mankind, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

SHE FETCHED 'EM.

One of Anna Dickinson's Southern Experiences.

A Cincinnati *Enquirer* reporter, interviewing Anna Dickinson, reports her as saying: She had been lecturing on "Joan of Arc" in Savannah, and was requested by a committee of gentlemen, residents of that city, to let the people hear her on some topic on which she had lectured in the North. She agreed to do so, and chose "Compulsory Education" for her topic. In her lecture she gave some statistics concerning the State she was lecturing in, and she says her audience became impatient and angry, and some of them, (among others, several of the gentlemen who had requested her to deliver the lecture) were leaving the room when she interrupted the lecture and, addressing several by name, called their attention to the fact that she had only yielded to them in delivering the lecture. Said she: "I told them that hearing me give the statistics of crime and misery in their State, their feelings were aroused against me because I was from the North, and that, though they had sat calmly while one of their own number gave the same facts, they rebelled against them as given by me because I was a Northern woman. I told them to forget this; to think of me as an American, and one of themselves, not as Georgians, but as Americans, and they would feel none of this resentment. I reminded them that we were all Americans, and, calling one by name, I asked: General ——, if a British hostile fleet appeared off our coast, or a French army was marching across Mexico to attack our frontier, who would be the first man to leave Savannah to prevent the invasion?" I had hardly asked the question when my audience burst forth in to a cheer, and I never saw more enthusiasm. It showed how the people of the South felt toward the Union. Of course, they have different opinions to Northern people on certain topics, and you can hardly find one vital question on which the Northern and Southern people won't differ, but the Southern people are loyal to the Union."

Buffalo (N. Y.) Aurora.

MRS. O. WIECKMANN, wife of the proprietor of this paper, says: I can recommend Hamburg Drops most highly. I had suffered for six years with Salt Rheum in the face, and tried all known remedies to effect a cure. Now, after having taken the Hamburg Drops, the redness and itching have entirely disappeared, and I am well and strong again.

AN OLD SAILOR.

He Tells His Story of Andersonville.

S. S. HARBOR, June 21, 1880.

Mr. McElroy:

DEAR SIR: I have read your book of "Andersonville" with deep interest, and it brought to memory many incidents that happened in that "Hell upon earth."

I was one of the unfortunates who were taken at the assault upon Fort Sumter, the 8th of September, 1863. In your narrative I find you were confined in "Pemberton" at the same time I was. Shortly after your departure from Pemberton to Andersonville, the sailors followed you. I think we left Richmond on the 22nd of February, 1864, and arrived in Andersonville the last day in February or the first of March. We were consigned to the Sixth detachment. I recollect the circumstances well where "old Wirz" was run out the camp for having stopped the rations.

Your account of the hanging of the "Raiders" is the best I have read of. I have read accounts of it where the truth (according to my recollection of the affair) was not strictly adhered to, viz: in making out that it was Curtis whose rope broke. "Mosely" had raided upon me a short time previous to the hanging, and Curtis I had conversed with many times, regarding the merchant service. Curtis was an old "packet rat" and had sailed in it, and that had sailed in, had not on the same voyage. Taking these things into consideration I could not possibly be mistaken as to who it was that made the run for life, and which broke the rope.

I see in your narrative the mention of Ira Beverly and Charlie Hackaby, who purchased places to go with the sailors when we were sent on exchange. I recollect them well. They used their money freely to purchase food on the passage from Savannah to Charleston, also from Charleston to Richmond. I had several grand feasts on the way at their expense. We were sent from Richmond to Cox's Landing on the James River, for exchange, on the morning of the 16th of October 1864, and were duly exchanged. WM. UNDERHILL.

Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. J.

HISSING THE FLAG.

Extracts from a Letter from Wm. Boone Nauts, Theological Student at University of the South.

SEWANEE, Tenn., June 27, 1880.

* * * * People here, as I have told you before, are intensely Southerners and do not bear the most envisible feelings towards the North. Not long ago the United States Government appointed one of its Colonels to take charge of the military companies of this school; so about a week after he arrived, he informed the Vice Chancellor that he must have the U. S. flag raised in honor of his position, so the students were ordered out to raise the high flag pole in the middle of the drill ground, which they did reluctantly, and, when the United States flag was raised, they hissed and groaned, but they will get over this in time. A crowd of about 15 of us tried to raise a shout, but failed. Gen. E. Kirby Smith took the whole affair as a good joke, because he has fought for and against the flag.

J. B. WEAVER.

A Truth Happily Expressed.

Syracuse Journal.

The following play upon letters, as well as words, by a comrade, will be interesting to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and to Republicans in general:

The soldiers of the
G. A. R. in the FIELD
or at home
Will stick to the Republican nominees.
Equally stirring will be the war cry of Arthur:
"Charge! Chester! CHARGE!"

TUTT'S PILLS!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restless nights, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as astonishes the sufferer.

A Noted Divine says:

DR. TUTT—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Use of your valuable remedies relieves me. I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stool, active liver, and have gained forty pounds flesh. I can recommend your Pills as the best medicine in the world. Yours truly, REV. J. M. LEVISTON, Louisville, Ky.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic

The Household

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper, write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Household Hints.

FEATHER WORK.

Ladies who live in the country and raise poultry would find it a source of amusement if they would save the feathers of hens, roosters, peafowls, etc., and form them into feather dusters, or flowers for Winter bouquets. For the latter, begin by making a card box with many divisions; then with sharp scissors trim away all the superfluous parts, and shape the feather into an oval leaf, leaving only a short stem. Prepare a good many in this way, carefully cutting away a part of the midrib to render it flexible. Have some fine wire cut into short pieces and some strands of floss silk, and taking a piece of wire attach firmly to one end of the leaves and, beading it gently outward, fix it close to the tuft by winding the silk tightly round the wire; repeat until you have six or eight leaves around the stamens, and finish your flower by winding the whole stem with green or brown floss. Short goose feathers form lovely white roses by arranging several rows of petals and using yellow centres, while rich green leaves are made from the beautiful tail-feathers of the rooster and the wing of the common duck. The breasts of peafowls give us exquisite blue flowers, and the different shades of gray and wood color found in the plumage of the common hen will surprise those who have not made a study of the art of feather flower making. For those who can see no beauty in quiet shades there are the "family dyes," which will color feathers prettily by first wetting well in hot water, then dipping into a solution of red or blue, with the addition of a small bit of alum to set the color.

The plumage of birds of all kinds (and of the wild duck in particular) will vary your collection, and form objects worthy of admiration and study for all.

TO MAKE A LAMBREQUIN.

Take a smooth board the exact length and width of your shelf, and make a case for it in the following manner. Out of a piece of cloth, of a color to match or contrast with the furniture of your room, cut a strip eight inches longer and four inches wider than the piece of board. Cut a second piece, the same shape and size, out of some kind of lining, and tack the two together. Sew one side with over and over stitches, and decorate the other side and the ends in any way you like. The one I first made was of green cloth, worked around the edge with gold colored filoselle, and a tiny vine and leaves of the same color above. After the edge is finished to your liking, cut a slit in the lining of your work large enough to admit the board, and bind this opening with braid. Then slip in the board and lay it flat on the shelf, and if you have followed directions you will have a smoothly-covered shelf, with a drapery four inches in depth in front and at the ends.

VENETIAN BAR STITCH.

This is simply button hole stitch worked in lines to form a pattern. It is often used in working the edges of collars, caps, etc., upon muslin or lace, but the happiest application of it is in embroidery or soutcher's silk upon rich material, such as satin, cordel silk, or even velvet. The pattern should be entirely in lines of a graceful and intricate pattern, and worked with perfect uniformity of stitch—gold colored silk upon green, white upon blue, scarlet upon black. The pattern should be marked as for embroidery, in very light lines, and great care be taken not to let the marking soil the stuff by rubbing.

The effect of a Persian pattern may be given by using a variety of colors intermingled, bright contrasts being harmonized by neutral tints running between. This kind of embroidery is rare, and when done with taste is very beautiful.

Should you have a rent in a dress to repair, use ravellings of the same material; they are easily obtained from the top of the skirt, if you have no pieces, but generally some are left by the dress maker, and should be kept for such accidents.

To remove grease which has come off the sewing machine from new fabrics before washing them rub the spots thoroughly with hard soap, dip in cold water and rub again. If not removed, apply more soap and repeat the operation.

HOW TO MAKE TASSELS.

Very pretty tassels may be made at home by the following directions, and if the work is carefully done they avoid the irregular, unfinished look that is apt to mark home-made articles:

They are expensive adjuncts to purchase and are easily soiled, particularly on window shades, so that it is well to know how to replace them. Cover two large button moulds after the usual manner with cloth or silk. Sew on a thick fringe round the edge one; either yarn may be used or really made fringe. Join the upper button-mould to the lower round the edge with a few blind stitches, and sew the cord which is to suspend it in the centre of the top button. If a more elaborate head is desired, insert a twist spool, or a large one, covered with silk between the buttons.

To make very large and heavy tassels you can use very large button-moulds and spools; put embroidered ribbon or upholsterer's braid or gimp round the spool, join neatly, and substitute cord for yarn or worsted fringe.

PRETTY FRAMES.

A very pretty frame for heavy vines and bushes is made by driving two stakes into the ground and nailing barrel hoops about six inches apart. Paint any color preferred.—*Floral Cabinet.*

Window Plants.

"J. P." a gentleman reader of the Household, residing in Gotham, has requested that I should write something on the subject of window plants intended for winter blooming, with some hints as to the best kind to get and their treatment. I shall, therefore, start out as if I were going to select certain plants for myself, and give my readers the benefit of my experience and judgement.

One of the most constant winter bloomers is the Chinese primrose. Have them in bloom from last October, and the end is not yet, for some of the precocious things seem to say, I will not rest, but keep right along in flower. The ones raised from seed every year, are, however, the most floriferous, and for that reason I grow them from seed. The young plants will be ready to send out in August.

The Bouvardia is another abundant bloomer. It likes abundant heat, and the leaves must be frequently syringed or they will certainly drop off with rust.

Heliotropes are good window plants, luxuriating in all the sun they can get with an abundance of water at the roots.

Oxalis lilies may now be allowed to go dry retaining them in their pots until September. If potted then they will commence to bloom about Christmas.

The Browallia makes a very pretty pot plant for fall and winter decoration of a parlor, and by planting a few seeds of it together with mignonette and alyssum, a little nosegay may be gathered very late in the fall. For this purpose the seed should be sown now, and at intervals during the summer, for succession, and as soon as the plants are large enough put in small pots, and shift to larger as the plants grow.

All geraniums are excellent window plants, and some are handsome enough in structure even if they produce no flowers.

err. The most handsome bloomer is Master Christine, but it is a single pink color which I am not personally fond of. Jean Sisley, a good scarlet with a large white eye is a great favorite of mine and Fanny, with her beautiful bronzed foliage and monstrous trusses of salmon colored flowers is a gem. Geraniums delight in the sunshine, fair diet and a moderate supply of water. They require room to spread themselves to get the best results from them. Certain varieties of fuchsias are good winter bloomers, and all are excellent window plants. They are voracious feeders, however, and will not thrive upon the same diet that geraniums will. A liberal quantity of well decayed manure must be given them. They are very fond of cow peas and some people put rusty nails in the earth they are growing in. A correspondent says, having heard of the above she knew where there was some water standing in an iron kettle which had been there for months till the roughly impregnated with the iron. She put a cupful of the liquid to a pail of water and gave her plants a taste of it occasionally. She is so much pleased with the result she advises all her friends to try it.

Tuberoses can be had in bloom during Winter by procuring bulbs from a florist during this month. When received they should be potted in four inch pots and then sunk to the rim in the garden. In the early Fall, for they will not stand a bit of frost, remove to the house. For a succession plant one every week during all July. I have a few bulbs left over which we shall not require, having already planted out several hundreds.

Now, I have said considerable about plants which delight in the sunshine and of course there will be some required for the shady places. I have yet to find a better class of plants for the purpose than Rex Begonias. In a log basket only 14 inches long I have two of them on which the leaves are 16 inches long, and they get absolutely no further care than an abundance of water at the root and constant shade. Some people think it is hard to grow these plants but it is an erroneous idea. They increase and multiply very rapidly, once one understands how to grow them, and the flowering begonias are capital window plants constant bloomers, easily grown and just the thing for an amateur.

The winter window garden is also much enlivened and perfumed by the hyacinths, lily of the valley and other plants which grow from bulbs, to be planted in the fall. It is too early to treat on them in detail at present, as they will not reach me from Holland before the middle of September. Now that we are settled down, I shall have more time to answer the questions of any floral friends, and in my next letter, will endeavor to say something about hanging baskets. MRS. RENNIE.

Ainsworth, Iowa.

Children and Marriage.

"Edna" asks "Should girls be called old maids at 25?" I am glad this subject was opened for I consider it to be of some importance. Let us reason things from a natural standpoint. All will agree that the standard of health should be raised among American people and how shall we do it? It is evident that in order to build substantially we must have something to build upon, a foundation, this is especially true of the human family, and in order to get the desired foundation, we must observe hygenic laws, and, from infancy. An infant is the most helpless of all creatures, hence requiring a much longer period of time for maturity, and for this reason we believe it wrong to enforce much labor upon young boys and girls. Parents often "dub" their children lazy for showing a dislike to work and with some it is true, but if it is true that children are born lazy, it is the parents', not the child's, fault, because you can't make a natural born lazy child, not lazy by enforcing work upon it, but on the contrary, he may acquire a distaste for all usefulness that will always remain with him. No, parents, don't make your children work or study much under the age of 14 or 16. You will observe that will power has much to do with us all. I have known persons to have their wills crossed and immediate fall sick, and *vice versa*, but you say we must break the child's will. Parents never made a greater mistake than this. You may, you can, break a child's will, but with it you break every pride, every ambition that is worthy or good in a child, and unless he has life force enough to rise above it after he is out of your clutches you make him a coward and hang head all his life. Don't break your child's will; don't *try* to break it, for if you succeed you ruin him, if not, you ruin yourself by losing your control over him and his respect; but you may direct this will by leading it kindly and tenderly along, directing it this way and that, and building, instead of blessing it by first getting the child's sympathy and love. I pity children who are afraid to climb a fence or fall over a log for fear of tearing their clothes and thereby meriting a whipping. Give me boys, yes girls too, that climb down haystacks, climb sycamore trees, and take mud pies from morning till night, and are so chuck full of go about, that you can't keep ripe apples in the upper drawer of the bureau, for some reason, such children as these make men and women, and when they want anything they go to work and earn it, for with them, "where there is a will, there is always a way," is a sure motto. But my point is this, that children are overworked, studied, etc., under the ages of 14 to 16. use up all the surplus of manufactured material and thereby dwarf some function of the body, or the whole body, and when they arrive at maturity they are all too weak to meet the requirements of that state; but allow children to grow it, naturally, as they should, until the age before mentioned, and allow them then until 20 or 22 to work, study, etc., and you will have rugged, healthy man and woman, ready for matrimony. I would refer to O. S. Fowler's "Human Science," part iii., sec. 1. He says: "O, youth hold back thy love till 18, but put the house in order before 22, and hospitably welcome this love guest as the most important life visitant of your affections. Be wed before 24 at furthest, then marry when you like. Girls should marry at or near 20, for at this time their bodies manufacture a great surplus of material that should be devoted to a more sacred purpose than virginity," although there are some exceptions to these rules, and it is far better not to marry than to marry and not be mated. "Edna" also thinks that divorced persons should not marry until death frees the one or other. She can find no law to substantiate this, but on the contrary, many that are married are only legally so and not naturally, when there is no union in spirit there should be no other, and few, if any, exist that have not their counterpart, if they but find them, hence divorced persons are as free to marry whom they please as those wholly unmarried, it can be no other way.

I have long felt like complimenting the BLADE for its benevolence in devoting a goodly number of columns to the interests of its patrons. Nothing interests people more than to see MS written by those; they know besides, it gives people a chance to have their say and who has a better right to express their opinions of right and wrong than the mothers, and sisters of the land even though they be expressed in homely words and phases. Let us all rent let the BLADE a vote of thanks

MISS JENNIE SHAFFOR.

Ainsworth, Iowa.

Inquisitiveness in Children.

The first law of nature is cause. What produces the phenomena daily going on around us? The intelligent and inquiring mind of man must always know the cause before he can be induced to believe the effects. Thus it is with children, they are but miniatures of men and women, and as the mind of the child gradually developes it will naturally be inquisitive. It wants to know the "why and the wherefore," the reason of the question. Parents and teachers can not be too cautious in dealing with this trait of character, which they oftimes c ns undesirable and even injurious to the morals of the little ones. It is in reality one of the grandest as well as the most useful faculties of the human mind. It was this spirit of inquiry that prompted Newton to investigate the very simple and usual occurrence of fruit falling to the ground, and the result of this investigation need not be told. It was also this feeling that sustained Galileo and Copernicus in their wonderful astronomical discoveries. It is the organ of the child which we call inquisitiveness that has been the chief characteristic of the great reformers and discoverers of all ages. Then why reprimand the child for asking you questions? rather encourage it to think for itself by giving it all the assistance in your power. The child may and does sometimes ask questions which are impertinent in the extreme. As for example: I was lately visiting a family where a gentleman of uncertain age was boarding, and of course as a general rule, this gentleman was very sensitive in regard to the devastations time had made in his appearance. On one particular evening quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighborhood and some friends from the city were assembled in the parlor of mine host and among them he gentleman above mentioned. As he was busily engaged in conversation with a lady opposite to him a little five-year-old son of the host was standing behind the chair and suddenly burst out with, "Mr. Gresham, what makes dat baul pwace in de top of your head?" Of course the child was taken from the room and severely punished. The next day, however, as I was talking with the little fellow he raised his eyes to mine with an appealing look and asked, "But, auntie, what did make it me out?' Of course I gave him the benefit of my knowledge on the subject, and told him why it was wrong to speak as he did, as we should certainly check anything like ill-manners on the part of the child; but we should differently and not by punishing it for every trifle, as this would certainly impair the child's sensitive and reflective organs. In order to properly train the mind of a child, the most common phenomena should be investigated and brought to bear upon the young mind, as the leaves of plants and flowers, the clouds, the rain and snow; the clothes they wear, or the cotton plant. What a world of valuable information the little ones might gain by commencing with the cultivation of the cotton plant, and continuing step by step until it had learned the entire process of manufacturing common articles of apparel. If this mode of instruction is continued the mind of the child will soon be brought to think to investigate, and, above all, to judge for itself. Sometimes it may ask you questions which you do not know yourself, and my advice under the circumstances would be to frankly tell it so, and if possible find the solution to the question at no distant time. LAURA G. MILLER.

Prospectville, Pa.

Bridal Gifts.

I hope I shall not take up too much valuable space and time if I ask Mrs. Brown a few questions about bridal gifts.

I am a farmer's daughter; sometime I may possibly be a farmer's wife. If such should be the case, I would like to ask why my bridal gifts may not be something besutiful. Does Mrs Brown think that living in the country where one may have all the beauties of nature, will suffice for all beauty. That is the only excuse I can see for the general idea that farmers do not need, and ought not to have, any of the elegancies of refined life. Of course if there is extreme poverty in either case good sense will dictate useful gifts. But in the West this is the exception, and not the rule. My own observations is that young people who start in life on a farm stand a better chance for always knowing the necessities of life than almost any other class. Is this be true then why deny them some of the luxuries and refinements?

If silver sugar bowls and butter dishes are—as she expresses it—nice gifts for a bride who expects to live in town, surely they will refine and beautify the table of the farmer's bride. I would not be understood to advocate extravagance, but only to oppose the petrified notion that the life of a farmer must be all work, and no beauty or amusement.

Make your country homes as beautiful and—according to the means at your command—as elegant as those of your city brothers and sisters. By so doing may you keep your sons on the farm, and your daughters from the clutches of the first vagabond adventurers who promise freedom from an irksome round of duties, and a chance for that beautiful life which is every woman's God given right. The prevalent idea among young ladies is that in consenting to marry a farmer she voluntarily shuts out of her life all refined tastes and elegant habits, all love of literature or dress, in fact everything but hard work. Is this as it should be? The best brains of the nation come year by year from the farm. It is the fault of the farm and the bare, unadorned farm life that this talent does not add constant honor to the profession of agriculture, instead of occasionally going to the country to "fix up the fences." FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

How to Make a Summer School Pleasant.

Our Summer schools in Kansas will probably average an attendance of 20 pupils, while we have enrolled 30 or more. Now this ought not to be so. To be sure, we can not prevent sickness, but it is not sickness that usually keeps a great many away. The reason simply is that they do not want to come, and parents will not oblige them to go.

As teachers we ought to make an effort to interest the scholars so that it will be a pleasure instead of a task to come to school. In the first place we ought to keep the room looking tidy. Use the broom often, especially the brushy end and the other as little as possible. Encourage the scholars to bring pictures to school and hang them on the walls. No matter if they are taken from a magazine and are not framed, they look better than the bare wall.

In conducting the school do not be afraid to depart from the text books often. The old method of singing the States and their Capitals to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" is not only amusing but instructive.

With a little ingenuity on the part of the teacher, the capitols to all the countries on the globe can be sung in some familiar tune. Try it, teachers, it will prove a success. Teaching the rudiments of music in school is another excellent way of keeping up an interest. The teacher can make the staff on the board, teach the scholars the letters on the staff, and can place some music on it that is very simple to commence with, and make it harder as they advance.

It is a very good plan to read long sentences to the scholars, and have them write and read them before the school, praising correctness.

It is also a very good plan to read them short stories and have them write them from memory, using their own phraseology, then read them separately. These only a few hints how to make a school pleasant. If they meet with the approbation of the readers of the "Home hold" department, I will send some more. E. T. C.

Winchester, Kan.

Mocking Birds.

"Rosy Dawn" I will tell you how I keep my bird. He came from New Orleans in May, 1878; he never sang much at any time during the Summer and that Winter. I came near losing Dick, as I call him, would not wash, and several times I have tried to teach him the process so necessary for healthful birds; several times when through washing him he would lie on his back and kick as much as to say, you've finished me now. I would get a soft cloth of some kind and hold him up in front of the fire and rub him to dry and how feathers he did have, (for they were scarce, his tail and wing feathers never grew out until March, 1879, when he began to shed right). In April he sang loud enough to be heard a square. Now I have as fine a mocking bird as any body. He is fed daily one medium sized potato, and one egg boiled together with peel and shell on them, when thoroughly cooked I peel the potato and mash only the yellow of the egg with it, when well mixed sprinkle about one-half teaspoon of cayenne pepper over it, give it in a dish and you have a good mixture for your bird, when I fix the mixture I always put a clean paper in the bottom of the cage, fresh water in his sipping cup and bath dish and he sings speedily as a reward for my trouble. I also keep sulphur in a little sack tied up in the top of the cage, to prevent lice, give him gravel, cabbage leaves when I can get them, apples, strawberries and such fruit as you want him to have is healthy. Don't give you bird sweets such as cake bits of sugar &c., for it is an injury; bread with sugar sprinkled in is very unhealthy too. In conclusion I would say to Rosy Dawn to separate your birds as soon as the female says she is sitter of eggs or your male bird will fall to singing as well as he ever would.—FANNIE McF— Fredericksburg, Ind.

Beware of First Steps.

Woodbine's opinion of card-playing is quite contrary to mine. She says, if a child has a taste for card playing he will play. This ought to be such, but to convince even herself that parents should not allow the taste to be cultivated; for it is evident that no child has a natural taste for a game he has never known anything about. In my father's family were eight children, (now young men and women) who never were allowed to play cards at home, and I think I can safely say they all abhor the card table now. My husband never played a game of cards in his life. After reading Woodbine's article I asked him if he had a taste for card playing. He replied that he did not know and had no desire to find out. I believe if we marry drunkards and gamblers we have only ourselves to blame. Parents, do not teach your children to gamble, it is wrong. Do not teach them to drink wine, for it is only giving them a start on a sure road to ruin. A. C.

Spools for What-nots.

I can tell the lady one way of using spools for what-nots. For a corner what-not that we like, we take four shelves, (can have more if you wish) bore holes with a gimlet in each corner of the shelf, through these holes pass cords or wire, and string the spools in between the shelves, large and small to suit your fancy, then stain and varnish. For the ironic use either spatter work, leather or COLE WORK; cinder work is very nice or you can saw nice fronts with a scroll saw. I have just finished a corner what-not, and will tell you all I know about it if you do not understand this.

I wish to thank Shirley Dare for her home remedies in the BLADE for they save many doctor bills by their intelligent use.

HOPE

Card Playing.

In the BLADE of April 1st, "Constance" says: "And yet I have known this same man, that styles himself a Christian, to kneel in prayer, and at the same time call on God to bless him and family, with a pack of cards in his pocket." What would "have been the difference, if in place of the cards had the 15 15 14 puzzle?

COLORADO

A Column of Queries.

Will some one give directions for making purl stitch?—D. D.

Will some one please send a simple remedy for pimples on the face.—SUSIE G.

Will some one send me a cure for fetter in the hands?—PLOW BOY, Newman, Ill.

Will some one give a cure or prevention for chicken cholera?—FARMER'S WIFE.

Can any one tell me how to treat a cactus and a calla lily?—CLOVER, Hartley, Ica.

Can some one tell me what will permanently remove superfluous hair?—NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please tell me how to keep off or destroy fleas on cabbage, and oblige LETTIE.

M. M. Baldwin of Maple Grove, Lincoln Co., Dak., wants the address of Maggie Woolman.

Tell the lady who cannot succeed with her dumplings, to try some eggs in them; boil 20 minutes.—Mrs. G. M.

Will some one give instructions for making a hammock? Something cheap and substantial.—DENMARK, IOWA.

Will Susie A. Van Mator please tell how she makes bakers yeast and bread.—Mrs. E. J. LOWELLEN, Ontario, Ia.

Will some one advance some ideas in regard to caring for grapes when they are maturing, to prevent their rotting.—READER, Sadons, Ill.

Can any one tell me how to make the burning fluid that was used 20 years ago for lights, or if not, where can it be bought?—A. WELCH

I would like to know why H. A. F., of Herkimer, N. Y. has not sent literary matter promised for mineral specimens which were sent long ago.

If any of the sisters near Manitou, Colorado, will send their address to Box 250, Concordia, Cloud Co., Kans., I will pay the postage.—QUESTION ASKER.

Will some one please tell me where I can send for rug patterns; also, how to make silk lace, and how to color white yarn brown?—JESSIE MARSHALL, Ill.

Will the lady in Michigan who wished to exchange a silk lace shawl be kind as to send me her address? I've been so fortunate as to lose it.—MRS. B, Box 24 Montana, Kan.

What ails the plum trees? We have plum trees of the common red spotted kind that blossom full almost every year and yet we never get one plum.—MRS. M. T. S., Addison, N. Y.

I would be ever so much obliged to the lady that gave a recipe for painting a stove, if she would please give it again through the BLADE soon as possible.—MRS S SPANGLER Decatur, Ind.

A REMEDY FOR CROUP.—Put a little water in a tea kettle and bring it to a boil; then let the child inhale the steam. The steam will cure the child in less time than it takes to heat the water.—A. W. W.

I have three questions to ask. How to prepare okra pods and cook them; how to color a blue and drab shawls good brown; and how to put a worsted log cabin quilt together to prettiest.—JENNY JONES, Carleton, Neb

To any one sending me the sketch called "A Naughty Little Girl" besides a detail of her pranks as told of herself I will send some excellent RECIPES, or PATTERN in any suitable way.—LOCK Box 396, Coshocton, O

Can some one tell me how to make a scrap bag and paper-holder? I have seen nothing about bed spreads made of unbleached cotton with yarn drawn in. Can you not give me a little instruction? I want to make one soon.—LENA

Allow me to ask through the columns of your valuable paper if any of your readers can tell me a cure for that dreadful disease, milk leg? It is of 12 years standing, has become chronic and is now a running sore.—MRS. SARAH J. LEMONT, Iowa.

Where can I get a pearl handle replaced on a penknife which I value highly, it having been left me by my mother at her death? It was presented to her in the year 1812, so that it is over half a century old. How can I thoroughly clean a piano?—MRS. F. B.

EXCELSIOR CLEANSING FLUID.—Take three ounces of White Castile soap dissolved in a quart of water, turn this in to three quarts of cold water, take four ounces of Aqua Ammonia three ounces of sugar of Ether, four ounces of Alcohol turn all together and it is ready for use.—C. R. B.

A sovereign remedy for chronic rheumatism: Take one ounce gum guaca half ounce gum myrrh one drachm lobelia seed, half drachm African cayenne; put into one quart of good whisky. Dose, one tablespoonful three times a day. This is a sure remedy.—U. S. STEVENS, Fernokell, W. T.

Some one wanted to know what was good for asthma. Dry stramonium or Jamestown weed, that has been dipped in a strong solution of saltpetre; burn on a few coals and inhale the fumes. This is brother's remedy, and it seldom faits.

Is it wrong for me to carry a revolver or play the violin?—ELLA B.

A REMEDY FOR BED BUGS.—Get a bottle of the oil of cedar, and with a brush paint the cords at the eyelet-holes and all the crevices in the bedstead, and after one or two applications housekeepers will be delighted to find that all the bugs have disappeared, and there is nothing dangerous or unpleasant in the remedy.—*Ex.*

Minnie May wants to know how to wash black calico without fading it. Take two pailsfull of warm rain water and three pints of flour starch; strain and mix in the rain water; wash and do not rinse; use no soap; iron on the wrong side. Will some one tell me how to make a rug for a hearth.—O. M. H., Milford Center, Ohio.

Tell W. H. B., Springfield, Ills., that when I was a child a tendency to perspiration caused my feet to become so sore and raw that sometimes I could not support the floor when rising from my bed in the morning and that I entirely cured them by soaking in hot water in which potatoes had been boiled.—SYMPATHY.

Will the sisters divide garden seeds with me this season? We have moved to a new place, and so I come begging for seed for my garden hoping the sisters will be kind and send to a friend in need. They will be thankfully received.—Mrs MATILDA KELLER, Frontier Hills, Dale Co., Mich.

A lady asks how to start rose geranium slips. We never have any trouble with them; simply starting them in small tin cans, taking them when an inch long, or less, filling the cans with good chip dirt from the wood pile. Put a handful of gravel and a little charcoal in the bottom of the can.—KITTY CLYDE.

I have a cure that is simple and sure for wounds received from poisonous instrument, such as rusty nail, or tin, or fish bone, or any wound that closes up and becomes feverish and painful—the person will know in 15 minutes if it will cure: Take a copper cent or penny, bind it on the wound or press with the fingers, and it will in 15 minutes have a drop or two of water under it. It is no charm, but counteracts the poison.—M. A.

I live in Oregon, it is very healthy here. The diftheria is the most dreadful disease we have here, it proves fatal in most every case. Will some of our readers give a remedy. Aunt Ella asked for a remedy for croup. My little boys are subject to it. I take onions and fry them in tallow and put them in a red flannel cloth and put it on the breast as warm as they can bear. I then wet a flannel cloth in coal oil and apply it to the throat, then I dust a little dry sulphur in the throat.—IVA MAY, Milton, Oreg.

In answer to E. F. about mildew, mix soap with salt, rub on and let it lie in the sun; this will do it when it is so bad nothing else will.

To remove iron rust either from the metal, or tincture of iron, rub on juice of pieplant, let lay in the sun until removed, then wash the suds, but also wash before putting it on.

Will some one tell me how to keep off of cabbage and celery?—Middleford, Ind.

Lye, soap made of ashes and grease hardened with salt, by stirring in, after the grease is eaten by the lye and while it is boiling, half a pint to two gallons of soap, or in that proportion.

"Aunt Ella," pig-foot oil is better for croup than lard, as it is more penetrating. I have saved my sister from many an attack by greasing the throat, chest, nose, palms of hands, bottoms of feet, and between the shoulders.—VIOLET.

I want to know how to make an evening party pass off pleasantly and profitably, and would ask that the members of the Household would please give some instructions for games or plays. We live in a community where dancing is not tolerated by the better class, and of course we would not think of disobeying the commands of public opinion, although I must admit that public opinion is a great tyrant.—GRANGER.

Will somebody tell me how to make something of ferns after they are bleached; also directions for making leather frames, and other fancy work?

If anybody wishes directions for making mock coral baskets for cards, etc., I will send my way which is nice. Also for making fringe hanging baskets for a sitting room or parlor, we think them lovely and very cheap. Can anyone give directions for a nice card receiver of card board and zephyr.—H., Ewart, Mich.

Let grease out of cloth by the greased part on a linen cloth, put bunion on the grease and rub it through with another cloth until all gone.

For gatherings in the head take one ounce of olive oil, one-half ounce sassafras oil, camphor gum the size of a quail egg; put all in a bottle, mix; clean the ear, and drop in some oil three times a day. It is also good for the ear ache. I have used it for a number of years and found it the best remedy for the head.

I have had purple roses—they looked like changeable silk, red and blue.—S. B.

In an article appearing in these columns January 22 signed Mrs. S. A. Harbrook, the last name should have been spelled *Hasbrook*.—ED

A QUEER BREED OF CHILDREN.

The Remarkable Scene Presented in a Western Home.

Omaha Bee.

"There are the most curious looking children in that coach that I ever saw in my life," said a gentleman standing on the Union Pacific depot platform this noon to a *Bee* reporter. "Just step in and look at 'em, and if you can tell me what they are you can have them." With a view of accepting the offer and starting in the side show business if the articles referred to proved to be genuine curiosities, the *Bee* representative mounted the steps of the coach on a tour of investigation. Surely enough, occupying four seats on the left hand side, sat a Chinaman well dressed in his national costume, and beside him a full blooded negro woman, holding two children on her lap, while four others, under the charge of a Chinese servant, rolled and tumbled over the seats and down the aisles of the car. There was nothing so peculiar in the appearance of either the men and wife, for so the reporter found them to be, but the six children, the oldest of whom was nine years of age, were the most singular combination of negro and Chinese imaginable. Their hair was crisp and curly; their skin very dark, but the shape of their faces and the almond shaped eyes proclaimed their paternity too distinctly for any mistake. They jabbered away with their father in his native tongue in the most artless manner, while at the same time they kept the passengers in convulsions of laughter with contortions and grimaces which would have done inflate credit to the stage of negro minstrelsy. The reporter ascertained that the name of the Chinaman was Hang Hang, who twelve years ago went a coolie to Cuba. While working in Cuba he became enamored of a negro slave. He saved enough to purchase her freedom and married her. In the course of a few years he became a coolie contractor himself, and is now wealthy.

Negro Slavery in Paris.

London Whitehall Review.

By the way, the little black boy who held up Madame de Sagan's trail the other night at the fancy costume ball given by her in Paris has been bought by that lady for 800 francs. The boy was brought last year from Egypt by D Sabran, who paid 20 pounds for him.

Our Young Folks.

MACKEREL TOM.

BY M. H. POWLAND.

Mackerel Tom! yes, that's his name,
The big gray cat in the door;
But how he came by that name
You'll have to guess twice or more.

You'll never guess, I know,
So this is the way it came;
'Twas a very funny thing
That gave old Tommy his name.

Miss Jane some mackerel bought,
In a can all painted blue,
And thought "how nice it will be!"
And Tommy, he thought so too.

So when the kitchen she left,
Tom stuck his head in the can,
For he thought a taste of fish
As good for cat as for man.

But alas for poor Tom's plan!
The can was a little too small,
Or his head, perhaps, too large,
For it wouldn't come out at all.

Miss Jane was out in the hall,
When there rose such a din and clatter,
That into the room she rushed,
To see what could be the matter.

Tom was rushing round the room,
With his long gray tail outspread,
And a funny sight was he,
With the blue can on his head.

He jumped two feet in the air,
And tumbled among the pans,
And they fell down with a crash,
On top of two oyster cans.

'Twas a sight to make one laugh,
And every body ran
To see Tom dancing round,
With his head stuck in a can.

At last they caught poor Tommy,
And pulled the can from his head;
And he flew straight down the yard,
But never a word he said.

So we call him "Mackerel Tom,"
Since he wore the blue fish can,
And I think if he wants more fish,
He will try some other plan.

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

A Talk With Girls.

BY MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

You are just through school life, or perhaps just finishing. I fear you have graduated five years too early. Young men rarely leave college before they are 23 or 24, and then their minds are none too mature to comprehend the higher studies, and quite likely you are not over 18. If you were asked why you had rushed through school days, which, alas! never come but once, you would not like to say you desired to go into society, or to marry, but the real reason probably is because it is the fashion to leave school in one's teens.

In our school years ago, there was a young woman of 15, whose scholarly but eccentric father had taught her Greek and Latin, while she knew little of the lower branches. When she came to the seminary, we all treated her as though she were a Fejee Islander. Such foolish pride have girls about remaining in school after they come to sensible years.

After graduation what will you do? If you can be the most useful at home of any place in the world, by all means stay there. A girl rarely appreciates the power she is, or may be, in her home. A sweet voice, a cheery smile, a sunny nature that will not be annoyed at trifles, an unselfish disposition, a desire to minister to others, intelligence that makes one companionable, these are things which make a daughter a joy. Many girls fret at their mothers. If you had found yours, as I have mine, and longed again and again for the one person in all the world who forgives everything and loves through good or ill, you would wish that every word had been the kindness your lips knew how to utter.

Many girls are thoughtless of their fathers, who work all day in office or shop glad to make any sacrifice, that the daughters may have pretty things for the home or personal adorning. And a caress would have paid these fathers a hundred fold! Nothing repays labor like love. Strange that we give so little when it makes life so very bright.

Many girls are rude to brothers, who with a little tenderness, might have been won to the highest respect for womanhood. If they were always as polite to their own as they are to somebody else's brothers, what different households we should often have.

Everybody admired Macaulay as a great essayist and historian, but after his life was written, and the world saw the beautiful devotion between him and his sisters, then everybody loved him. The essays of Ella would lose half their beauty did not Charles Lamb's love for his sister Mary run like a golden thread through it.

Make home so bright, girls, that your brothers will like to remain there evenings. Thousands of boys are ruined by the idle talk and temptations of the street, especially in our Cities. If sisters only knew what power they had to lead these eager, restive lads up to noble manhood, they would never fail to use it. Alas, that we realize so many things too late!

Are you helping to share the burdens of the home?

I have been in many houses where if I had not guessed the relationship by the family name, I should have thought the young girls were simply boarders. They sat in the parlor doing fancy work, or receiving friends, or went out for an airing, and let somebody, perchance the mother, do the work.

I know a lovely Christian home, where there have been five children, three girls and two boys. One daughter has married, and the other two take entire charge of the house. The mother is cared for as tenderly as though they thought any day God might send for her. She controls her time, does church and benevolent work, and is thankful for such rare children.

Are you learning to sew and to cook? You will have need for such knowledge whatever station in life you may occupy. I have a friend who often sorrows over spoiled dinners, and while her husband is very fond of her, he says, "If Hattie only knew about such things, it would make life so comfortable!"

I wonder how you look in the early mornings at your own table.

Next to a lovely disposition, nothing influences affection more than neatness. Better wear a clean calico than a dirty silk, on any occasion. The world naturally looks to womanhood for taste and delicacy and neatness, and ought to find it. There is no excuse for an untidy girl, be she rich or poor.

Be prompt in your homes, rising at proper hours, ready at meals, and exact as to appointments. Scarcely anything is more annoying than a person habitually late, and by whom others lose time. Such habits are easily formed and rarely broken, causing irritability every where.

Learn to wait upon yourselves. A girl who helps herself is usually helpful to others.

Next to being a Christian, which is over all and includes all—for a woman not to be a Christian is a flower without fragrance—next to this, be amiable. You may have the learning of Aspasia, the beauty of Mary Stuart, and the wit of Madame de Stael, but unless your character be lovely, your home will be a failure. A cheerful disposition makes the whole year like a Summer morning. Such a girl never gets cross, or answers sharply, passes over little trials always has a word of encouragement, always a happy smile. In her daily life she

"Shows us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

—*Congregationalist.*

The Carpenter's Sermon.

BY DAVID KER.

"Tell ye what, mates, this sort o' thing won't do. Here we've been at it these six weeks, and not a penny of wages yet; it's all very fine to say, 'Stick to your work,' but a man won't get fat on workin' for nothin' that's sartin!"

"Right you are, Bill. S'pose we knocks off work, and tells Sir James that we won't do no more without he pays us!"

"Gently, lads; remember what happened to the dog as dropped his meat in grabbin' at the shadder. If we stick to this job, mayhap we'll get our money some time; but if we knock off, we won't find another job growin' on every bush, mark ye."

"Well, that's true; but it's mighty hard luck for us, all the same."

So grumbled, under their breath, a gang of English workmen, who were repairing the interior of one of the great London churches, one fine Summer afternoon in the time of George I. And certainly they had good reason to grumble. Sir James Thornhill, the court painter, whom the King had employed to restore and redecorate the building, had his head full of his own fine plans and sketches, and of the grand show that the church would make when all was done, that he had quite forgotten such a small matter as the paying of his men's wages. So, although the poor fellows had been hard at work for six weeks and more, not a shilling of pay had any of them received yet.

"Look here, boys," cried a tall, gaunt carpenter, with a dry, keen-looking face, "I've always heard say as Sir James is a kind old gen'lman at heart, and mayhap it ain't that he don't want to pay us, but only that he's forgotten it, like. Let's just draw lots who shall go and tackle him about it, and then there'll be no mistake."

The suggestion was at once followed out, and the lot fell upon the tall carpenter himself. This was more than the worthy man had bargained for, and he looked somewhat nonplused. However, there was no drawing back for him now. Up he got, and away along the aisle he went toward the spot where Sir James Thornhill was standing.

But the nearer he got to him the slower he walked, and the more chop-fallen did he appear. Indeed, Sir James looked such a grand old gentleman, as he stood there like a statue, in his laced waistcoat and silk stockings, with his powdered hair falling over his fine velvet coat, and his hand resting upon his silver-hilted sword, that poor Chips got so bashful as if he were going before the king himself. But, as the proverb says, "Fortune favors the brave," and the valiant carpenter was unexpectedly helped out of his dilemma by the very man who had caused it. Sir James suddenly turned round, and seeing him coming up, called out:

"Ah, my good fellow, you've come just in time to do me a service. You see, I want to be quite sure that that pulpit yonder, which we're just putting up, is in the right place; for, of course, when the clergyman goes up into it to preach, his voice ought to be heard equally well in every part of the church. Now, suppose you step up there and make a speech of some sort, while I stand here and try if I can hear you plainly."

"But what be I to say, your honor?" asked Chips, scratching his head. "I hav'n't got the gift of the gab like you gen'lmen have."

"Oh, say whatever you like—just the first thing that comes into your head."

The carpenter's small eyes twinkled, as if a bright idea had suddenly occurred to him. Up he went, and leaning over the carved front of the pulpit, began as follows:

"Sir James Thornhill, sir! Me and my mates has been a-workin' for you, in this here church, good six weeks and more, and we haven't seen the color of your money yet; and now we ain

The Farm.

The Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Drilling Fertilizers with the Seed.

Perhaps there is no other question that more often comes up for discussion or consideration than that relating to the use of fertilizers. There are differences of opinion on this question, which occur from a habit of looking at it from different points of view. Now I think it is a fact that the testimony that may be gathered from those who have practiced artificial fertilizing and the use of manures in the hill or drill, will be in favor of the practice in a very large majority of instances, if not universally; and that if a diff rence of opinion exists on the point, the adverse opinion will be held by those who have not carefully considered the points I wish here to present. The truth is that in fertilizing we are simply feeding—that in usefulness as an agent on the farm, indicates that its employment is a question of very general interest, and it is the object of this article to throw some light upon the subject and to answer inquiries in a general way, that have already been propounded, and to anticipate those that may be forthcoming.

Giant powder and dynamite are synonymous terms, the former being the name most frequently used in the United States, and the latter in Europe. It consists of a kind of infusorial earth saturated with about three times its weight of nitro glycerine, and in appearance is not unlike camp graham flour. It is generally recognized as the safest of all violent explosives; but, nevertheless, great care should be exercised in its use, and no person should undertake to blast with it before he is familiar with its properties and knows how to handle it. Being an explosive, it cannot be forwarded by mail or express, and land owners who may be desirous to clear away stumps and rocks by the use of giant powder, should apply for information to some neighboring agent for the material, or to the manufacturers. There are two kinds of powder in the market, designated as No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1 is employed for heavy work being the most powerful and costs $1.00 a pound. No. 2 is less powerful, but quite efficient for the blasting of stumps, etc., and sells for 50 cents per pound. It is put up in cartridges eight inches in length and of any diameter the work may require. The cartridges are exploded by caps made for the purpose, and the cap is ignited by means of a fuse.

Some years ago we became familiar with a case of this kind in Europe. A farmer owned a field thickly set with large bowlders. The land was valuable but the rocks interfered seriously with its cultivation. The owner decided to blast them and we happened to witness the operation. Holes varying from eight to 16 inches in depth, according to the size and character of the rocks, were bored, and in each was placed the whole or a part of a dynamite cartridge into which the cap and fuse had been inserted; the holes were then carefully tamped with wet clay, and when a number were thus prepared the operator ignited all the fuses, beginning at one end of the series, so that he was constantly running away from those first fired. The blasting proved a perfect success and the field was cleared at a nominal cost.

When a stump is to be removed by blasting, it is often most expedient to punch a hole with a crow-bar under it, especially if the soil is firm, and place the charge so that it will take effect near the center of the stump. The prevalent idea that giant powder always strikes downward, has no foundation in fact; it strikes in all directions with equal force. In adjusting a charge, whether it be in a stump or a bowlder, take care that the cartridge reaches the bottom of the bore, and that it is packed solidly. One end of the fuse is thrust into the cap, and the cap is then inserted in the cartridge.

When cartridge, cap and fuse are thus united and placed in the bore, tamp the charge carefully. Wet clay, brick dust, sand, or even water, are good materials for tamping. Do not use a metallic rammer in packing the tamp, and take the greatest care that the cap is not exploded. The fuse should be long enough to allow the operator to remove to a safe distance before it is burned up. The nitro-glycerine contained in the powder solidifies or freezes at a temperature of about 48°F., and when thus frozen it is unfit for blasting; it should therefore always be kept at a temperature of not less than 50°F. This brings us to mention some necessary precautions.

In baking it before the fire, when suddenly heated an explosion is almost certain to take place. Place it in a warm room and let it there remain till it becomes pliable. One may put fire to it with a match with immunity and it will burn slowly without exploding, but it is not safe to heat it suddenly when not in direct contact with the fire. Always keep the caps away from the powder when not used; an accidentally exploded cap may prove fatally destructive. Handle the powder carefully; it is exploded by percussion, and a portion thrown or falling against a hard substance is likely to "go off."

Where considerable blasting is to be done in the same neighborhood, it will, no doubt, be expedient for the owners to unite in hiring an expert for the purpose. There is a saving both in time and money, when the work is properly conducted.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Why Not Silk?

The partial failure of the silk crop in Europe, with an increased demand for silk in the United States, should suggest the idea of our farmers's turning their attention to the cultivation of the mulberry on which the silk worm feeds. The following figures may be of interest as showing the possibilities of silk culture as an American industry. The silk crop in Europe in 1878 amounted to 7,226 t 00 pounds. In 1879 it fell off to 2,840,500 pounds; and this, too, at a time when the consumption of silk goods was on the increase in this country. In 1883, 147 firms in this country employed 11,713 operatives to produce $19 894 874 worth of silk goods. In 1876 213 firms employed 18 017 operatives to produce $26,693,163 worth of goods. In 1875 we imported silk goods to the value of $24,379 322; in 1876 we imported $21,192,356 worth of silks. During the period our increase in home production of silk goods was $6 698 289, and our decrease in importation $3 189,966. During the year 1876 the manufacturers of silk in this country used 1,144 860 pounds of raw silk, of which 16,000 pounds only were raised in America, including Mexico and Brazil. During the same year the Chinese Empire produced 23 222 000 pounds of raw silk, value at $92 928 000. The world's supply of raw silk for 1876 was 55 933 000 pounds, valued at 227,553 400, of which the value of raw silk produced in the United States was only $100,000. For the raw silk used up in manufacture in this country over $5 000 000 is paid annually. So much money is sent out of the country every year when the value of a pound of raw silk produced in this country is $6, and that of a pound produced in China only $4. The greater durability of silk of American manufacture as compared with the imported article is now an acknowledged fact.

The beauty of silk culture is that it affords pleasant and profitable employment for children. The care of the silk worm is no more difficult than that of a canary bird or a lap dog, and being incomparably more profitable, it should supersede the raising of lap dogs at least.

The Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States having started a silk school at the permanent exhibition are prepared in this great school for teaching useful industries to teach persons the art of raising silk worms, reeling the silk from the cocoons, and other matters pertaining to silk culture. Every boy and girl upon whose father's farm or lot is a white or smooth leaved, purple mulberry, or osage orange tree, ought to be a grower of silk; first, for the purpose of putting money in their pockets and, second, to stop the annual flow of millions of dollars from this country to Europe for the purchase of raw silk.

The sale of silk worms' eggs, as shown in a recent publication by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, is an important industry. During the years 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877 $6 000,000 worth of eggs arrived at San Francisco, for each of the years stated, from Yokohama, Japan, intended to be shipped by the Pacific railway to New York, thence by steamers to Havre, France.

It is predicted that, in less than 10 years, we will be adding a large business in supplying France with silk worms raised by the boys and girls of this country.

The manufacturers in this industry have been more enterprising than the agriculturists, as is evident from the above figures. The demand for raw silk to be used up in the production of fabrics has greatly outstripped the production of the raw material for the mills. The ravages of the phylloxera in France should stimulate the industry in silk production in this country. What is now an incident in silk culture may before long be a necessity. The feeling on the Pacific slope against Chinese immigration is slowly but surely spreading over the Union, and it is not possible to determine what commercial complications with China may arise in the event of a rupture of the present treaty with the Celestial Empire. It is not, however, impossible that, through the failure of the silk crop in France and the jealousy of our trans Pacific neighbors, if once it be aroused, we may be compelled to raise silk if we would wear it. In revolutionary times it was a matter of sturdy determination and patriotism to wear home spun. The lapse of a century has worked a mighty change in our industrial condition, and, with more potent means, with richer resources and an overmastering aggregation of capital, the question now presents itself, why should not the home spun be silk?—*Prairie Farmer.*

Where Shall I Farm?

The editors of agricultural journals are, perhaps, asked the question which makes the heading of this article oftner than they are asked any other question pertaining to farm matters. The vast extent of our country, thousands upon thousands of acres of which have not yet been touched, and the unsurpassed riches of our new West, attract the attention of many of the young men in the East, and some of the older ones, and where shall I farm? is the inquiry which is sent to the farm paper. Fortunately it is an easy question to answer, although the proper answer may very often be unsatisfactory to the inquirer. Anywhere, is just as good an answer as can possibly be given. If the great West has charmed you with its wealth of beauty and fertility, satisfy your craving for a change by coming from the more thickly settled East, and settle wherever you choose; you cannot miss it. There is not a Western State or a Western Territory that is not rich in agricultural resources, and the persevering and industrious cannot fail to be handsomely rewarded for his courage and sacrifices. In all of our Western States farmers who a few years ago came from the East with little or no means, are now the owners of elegant farms, and are what is called rich. The opportunities for the accomplishment of such results are by no means exhausted, and when, after another hundred years shall have added their record to the history of the country, a history in every way as brilliant and marvelous as that of the first hundred years was, there will still be rich wild prairie land waiting for the first touch of the plow and to be pressed by the first footstep of the husbandman. Our country is a vast one. Between these two great oceans, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, is a greater acreage than will be fully occupied in the next two centuries.

But the West is not alone in offering inducements to the emigrant farmer. The South as well as the West is great and fertile. From causes which we need not stop to enumerate, the South is not as prosperous as the good of the country demands, and she has thousands of acres of naturally fertile soil, which is either not cultivated, or is so imperfectly cultivated, that those who own it are disheartened and disgusted to an extent that the land can be bought very low. All in the world that is needed to bring these districts under profitable cultivation, are the energy and dauntless resolution that have developed this beautiful West. Much of this Southern soil needs renovation, and so is inferior to new Western land, but it is apt to be nearer to market, and besides, if a Western farmer did his duty to himself and his farm, he would never practice the exhaustive system of farming which is so common with us. If a farmer farms as he should farm we should never hear of the wheat belt moving West, and observe other evidence of the soil becoming exhausted. This system, if carried on long enough, will transfer the whole population to the neighborhood of the Pacific Coast, and then the people will have to begin to immigrate Eastward, and to do what they should have done in the first place, viz: fertilize the land. If taste, therefore, inclines any one to the South instead of to the West, do not hesitate to go; there is a profitable opening for those who wish to till the soil.

But it is not even necessary to emigrate. We never did favor emigration beyond the pale of civilization, while there is so much unoccupied land in such States as Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, etc. But our reply to the question, where shall I farm? includes the East as well as the West or the South. There are advantages in the West which the East does not possess. There is room to stretch one self, and that is worth something. People are better natured than one is jostling them or treading on their toes, and good nature is almost priceless. Our soil is naturally more fertile. But to at least partially offset these and other advantages the East is close to the very best markets. The farmers there get what, or a portion of what, we in the West have to pay the railroads, and that is no inconsiderable sum. So we say, while admitting of course that there is a choice of location, if you want to farm, farm anywhere.—*Exchange.*

A North Carolina Bonanza.

An extraordinary change has occurred in one phase of the agriculture of North Carolina, by which the rejected lands are preferred, and prices have risen from a dollar per acre to 30 and even 50. The extension of the culture of bright yellow tobacco has been the cause, and the regions affected are the northern counties adjoining the Danville district, in Virginia, and also the Piedmont region farther South and West, including the counties of Alexander, Caldwell, Wilkes, Lincoln and Cleveland. The light, gray, sandy soils are peculiarly adapted to this crop. A moderate quantity of phosphates and guano is used to get a quick growth, which the dry weather of the late Summer terminates, and the prous quality of the soil supplies from below sufficient moisture to make the ripening very gradual to a clear lemon color, and the curing without spot or blemish. This tobacco is used for pug wrappers, commands a very high price, and often brings to the grower $500 per acre. It is enriching multitudes, building houses and side-walks, introducing unaccustomed improvements and making handsome bank accounts throughout the favored district. It is a rural bonanza for many an industrious poor man, whether white or black, and still yields a golden harvest.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—NICHOLS' BARK AND IRON is pleasant and grateful to the taste, having none of the inky flavor peculiar to iron remedies. Its use is indicated in Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Boils, etc.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

The Proposed Reorganization of the Committee—Gov. Jewell Recommended for Chairman.

NEW YORK, July 1.—The Republican National Committee met last night at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and was called to order by Gov. Jewell, of Connecticut. When the roll was called it was found that 29 members were present and 11 proxies.

Gov. Foster, of Ohio, moved the appointment of a committee of five on Permanent Organization.

The Chair named as the committee, Charles Foster, Wm. E. Chandler, John A. Logan, John M. Forbes, and Stephen W. Dorsey. The sub committee then retired. During its absence the National Committee was addressed by Messrs. Frye, Hicks, New, Pardee, Graham and Sturgis.

After nearly two hours' absence the Committee on Permanent Organization appeared and stated that they would be unable to report, and recommended an adjournment until to-morrow.

Chandler offered the following resolution, which, however, was laid on the table:

Resolved, That in order to aid this Committee in carrying out the instructions of the National Convention to prescribe and announce within one year, methods or rules for electing delegates to the next National Convention, a request is hereby made for transmission to the Committee of plans and suggestions on the subject, from any person, prior to September 15, 1880.

The Committee then adjourned until 11 o'clock to-morrow morning.

NEW YORK, July 1.—The report of the Committee on Organization recommended Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, for Chairman, and S. W. Dorsey, of Arkansas, for Secretary of the Republican National Committee.

The following Executive Committee was chosen: Horace Davis, California; James DeBeaux, Georgia; John A. Logan, Illinois; John C. New, Indiana; John S. Runnells, Iowa; John A. Martin, Kansas; Henry C. Warmouth, Louisiana; John M. Forbes, Massachusetts; Chauncy J. Filley, Missouri; Wm. E. Chandler, New Hampshire; George H. Halsey, New Jersey; Thos. C. Platt, New York; A. P. Kennedy, North Carolina; Wm. C. Cooper, Ohio; J. D. Cameron, Pennsylvania; Geo. W. Hooker, Vermont; John W. Mason, West Virginia; Elihu Enos, Wisconsin; R. C. McCormick, Arizona; Stephen B. Elkins, New Mexico.

A resolution was passed calling for a meeting of the National Committee on the 15th of October, when the resolutions proposed at last night's meeting will be acted upon.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The Executive Committee organized by electing Marshal Jewell Chairman, and S. W. Dorsey Secretary. Col. George W. Hooker, of Vermont, was chosen Assistant Secretary.

The following were named members of the Western Division of the Executive Committee, with headquarters at Chicago. John A. Logan, Illinois; John C. New, Indiana; John S. Runnells, Iowa; Elihu Enos, Wisconsin; Wm. C. Cooper, Ohio; Chauncy I. Filley, St. Louis, and John A. Martin, Kansas.

This division will be under the charge of Gen. Logan, Gov. Jewell and Sec. Dorsey, who were empowered to select permanent headquarters for the committee.

The Committee was addressed by Messrs. Canaday, of North Carolina, Hicks, of Florida, Lee, of South Carolina, and Dorsey of Arkansas.

Gen. Logan, of Illinois, having taken the chair, Gov. Jewell moved that the times for the next meeting of the Executive Committee be fixed as follows: August 5 September 9, and October 14. Adopted.

Gen. Logan, having vacated the chair, then moved that the Chairman and Secretary of the Executive Committee be instructed to prepare and issue a circular, embodying the laws govering the eligibility of electors. Adopted.

The motion was adopted, offered by R. C. McCormick, to the effect that a Sub Committee of three, to which the Chairman and Secretary of the Executive Committee be added, be appointed for consultation with the Executive Committee in reference to matters pertaining to the campaign, to report at the next meeting of the Executive Committee. This Sub Committee consists of Chairman Jewell, Secretary Dorsey, R. C. McCormick, G. W. Hooker and J. B. Deveraux.

It was stated that there was a personal desire on all hands that Mr. Blaine visit the Pacific Coast, and Gov. Foster moved that a formal invitation be extended by the Committee to Blaine to do so. This motion was carried.

The Executive Committee then adjourned. The Western Branch Committee then met and appointed John C. New, Secretary, and adjourned to meet in Chicago, July 22.

FRANCE.

Thirty-Nine Religious Establishments With 475 Members Broken Up—Magistrates Resigned.

LONDON, June 1.—A Paris dispatch says the religious establishments broken up yesterday numbered 39, with 470 members. There remains about 30 which, being educational institutions, are allowed to exist until August 31st. At Chambery two Italian orders, one of men and the other of women, have received four hours' notice to quit France. This measure is taken under the laws of 1849 providing for the expulsion of Foreigners obnoxious to the Government.

PARIS, July 1.—Up to the present time 9 Magistrates have resigned rather than execute the religious decrees. The proprietor of the house occupied by the Jesuits in Rue De Sevres has made preliminary application to the President of the Tribunal of the Seine, asking that the house may be restored to the possession of the owner.

Audiffret, Prefect of the Police, ordered the removal of the sacrament from the Jesuit Chapel, in Rue de Sevres, to the Church of Saint Sulpice, but a large crowd having assembled including several Senators and Deputies from the Right, the Police Commissary ordered that the sacrament only be removed to a small chapel in the same house.

The Legitimist section of the Right in the Chamber of Deputies has decided to interpellate the Government concerning the application of decrees.

The report of the Committee on the Amnesty Bill, which will be read in the Senate to-morrow, recommends the rejection of the proposal for pleniary amnesty.

WEST VIRGINIA REPUBLICANS.

State Convention in Wheeling—The Candidates Nominated.

WHEELING, June 30.—The Republican State Convention for the nomination of officers to be voted for next October met at Grafton to-day, the session being held in the Fair Grounds in Floral Hall. All the Counties but three in the State were represented, and the Convention was large and harmonious. Hon. John A. Campbell, of Hancock County, was made temporary and permanent chairman. George C. Sturgis, of Morgantown, was nominated for Governor; George B. Caldwell of Wheeling, for Attorney General; John T. Cunningham, of Kanawha county, for Auditor; Richard Burke, of Monroe county, for Treasurer; Prof. A. L. Purenton, of Parkersburg, State Superintendent of Free Schools; Judge Edwin Maxwell, of Clarksburg, for Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, A. W. Campbell, of Wheeling, and J. L. McLean, of Putnam county, were chosen Presidential Electors for the State at large. John A. Campbell, of Hancock, was chosen Elector for the First Congressional District; A. M. Poundstone, for the Second District, and J. B. Menager, for the Third.

No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—*New York Independent.*

THE JESUITS.

The Police Carry Out the Decrees for Their Suppression—Great Excitement Caused by It.

PARIS, June 30.—The police arrived at the Jesuit establishment of in the Rue De Sevres at 4 o'clock this morning. They were immediately admitted. Shortly after a crowd of 500 persons composed largely of students and women, collected. There was some shouting for and against the decrees. The police partly cleared the street and refused to admit Baudry DeAsson to the building. The perfect of the police having arrived the building was formally declared closed. The Jesuits, accompanied by several Deputies and Senators of the Right, departed amid great excitement caused by demonstrations of their sympathizers and Counter demonstrations. They were indignant cries against the prefect of police. In an ensuing scuffle the marquis of Lion Court, and chief editor of the Union legitimiss journal, were arrested. Some of the Fathers' locked themselves in their cells, which had to be broken open. The last left at 8:30. The Police then cleared the street and they remained on guard there. At Vals the doors of the establishment had to be forced, and the Jesuits conducted out by soldiers, a battalion of whom were present under arms. At Douai and Lille the police were not resisted.

PARIS, June 29.—The Jesuit chapels were thronged on Tuesday in the provinces. At Lille, about 500 persons headed by the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce waited on the Jesuits to extend sympathy for them. The last of the series of meetings was held in Paris Cirque D'Hiver to protest against the anti Jesuit decrees. A considerable crowd assembled outside the building. Blows were exchanged between the mob outside and those issuing from the hall. The mob hooted a number of priests who had been at the meeting. In the Chamber of Deputies yesterday, Beaude De Asson, Legitimist, made an ineffectual attempt to make political capital out of the foregoing affair.

PARIS, July 1.—A semi-official note sent by the French Government to the Journals, announcing that the execution of the anti Jesuit decree had not led to disturbance in any part of France, and that effect had only to be given to-day (Wednesday) to the decree affecting the Jesuits, concludes as follows: "The Government knows its duty and will perform it with firmness."

The number of persons expelled from the Jesuit chapel yesterday morning was 13 including one Englishman and one Russian. The establishment of the German Jesuits has not at present been interfered with.

At Lavol several English Jesuits called on the crowd to witness that their rights were being violated and said they would appeal to the English Ambassador.

The Paris correspondent of the Times, telegraphs: "The crowd which witnessed the expulsion of Jesuits from their establishment in Rue de Sevre, was almost stupefied. By the procedure employed in Paris, where the individual is drowned in the mass, the thing is less serious; but in the Provinces it will have far deeper effect. France will be divided into two camps, separated by an unfathomable abyss. Those only who have lived in the Provinces can form an idea of the effect of these oppressive measures. It is expected the Jesuits will immediately apply to the Judges, complaining of a violation of their rights of property and domicile, and praying for an order of reinstatement. Pending trial, the Government will contend, that the ordinary tribunals have no jurisdiction in such disputes between individuals and the State, and that the Council of State can alone determine the validity of expulsions. The Government, however, is having most difficulty with other unrecognized orders, as it never calculated on their refusing to apply for recognition; and now they have firmly resolved on sinking their fate with the Jesuits. The Government must either shut its eyes to the violation of the decrees or repeat on a much larger scale to-day's (Wednesday's) proceedings."

The French religious orders affected by the anti Jesuit decrees have telegraphed the Vatican of their intention to submit to the law. This probably means the orders not yet expelled.

THE POPE AND PRUSSIA.

The Pope has decided to accept the Prussian Church law. He intends at the next Consistory to nominate Bishops to fill the vacant Sees.

PARIS, July 2.—A discussion on the anti Jesuit decrees is looked for in the Chamber of Deputies simultaneously with the presentation of the Committee on Perpetual Amnesty bill in the Senate.

The Chief Judge of Lille has overruled the objection of the Prefect to the jurisdiction of ordinary tribunals. In a judgement delivered Thursday he declared the legality of the decrees, though not directly in question, being challenged. It is for Civil tribunals to decide the point and that the Jesuits having been expelled without any judicial prosecution, and the expulsion being an act not coming within the ordinary administrative function, the case did not come within his jurisdiction. The Archbishop of Avignon offered his hospitality to numbers of the expelled Jesuits, but, on receiving an emphatic telegram from Constans, Minister of the Interior and of Worship, he promised they should leave the palace in the course of the day.

SEN. CAMERON.

He Persists in His Refusal to Serve as Chairman of the National Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30.—The following letter from Sen. Cameron, received to-day, is given for publication:

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., June 22, 1880.

J. Montgomery Bond, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your letter of the 16th inst. In reply to it I would say that I agree fully as to the nature of the coming political contest, and as far as my health will permit, will do all I can to keep in power the Republican party. But as to taking the chairmanship of the National Committee that I can not do, for the reason that I am physically unable to undergo labors which necessarily belong to the position. I found myself after the adjournment of Congress, very much broken down, and I was therefore compelled to abandon all my business affairs, although they had been neglected during the entire session of Congress, and come here with the hope of having my health restored. I am obliged, under the advice of my physician, to remain here for several weeks; therefore, you see that it is impossible for me to do as you, as well as many other friends think I ought during the coming canvass. You may rest assured, however, that as soon as I am well enough I shall give my entire energy, as a member of the Committee, to the great work which is before us. Yours truly,

J. D. CAMERON.

NATIONAL BANKS.

The Number Organized, Gone Into Liquidation, etc.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—The Comptroller of the Currency reports that the total number of National banks organized during the fiscal year is 61, with a capital of $7 252 070; total number of banks which have gone into voluntary liquidation in the same period, 20, with a capital of $2 601 600, included among which are three gold banks in California, with a capital of $700 000, which went into voluntary liquidation and organized as currency banks. No National banks have failed since July 23d until June 9th, 1880, since which time three banks failed, with a capital of $700 000, all of which, it is believed, will pay their creditors in full.

The Ministerial Way.

Lyman Beecher was probably a pretty fair example of the clerical profession. Returning home from church one Sunday he said that he felt that he done very poorly. Said one of the boys: "Why, father, I thought you were never in better trim; you just shouted out to 'em.' "Aye, aye," replied Mr. Beecher, "that's it exactly; when I am not prepared I always holler at the top of my voice."

TO INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

The Address of the National Republic and League.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29.—The National Republican League of this city has issued the following circular "to independent voters:"

The issues of the Presidential canvass are not fully defined, and every voter can determine for himself the line of action which the highest interest of the country requires. In the judgment of the National Republican league there should be no hesitation.

The Democracy, with strange inconsistency, have adopted the expedient of nominating a man whose only training has been that of the army, and whose reputation solely military, is the precise measure of his unfitness for the highest civil position in the gift of the people.

On the other hand the friends of good Government have every reason to be satisfied with the nomination of Gen. Garfield, and with the manner in which it was secured. Their determination to support him ought to be intensified by the alternative precedent. Simple acquiescence in the Chicago ticket, however, is not enough. In the coming canvass there is no place for the lukewarm or indifferent. The zealous and united efforts of all who look with repugnance on Democratic methods and measures will be required to preserve the country from the worst of all evils.

The solid South requires the aid of but two Northern States to give the Democrats a majority in the Electoral College, and there are many devices through which the united action of both houses of Congress may set aside the verdict of the people, if that verdict is not rendered so emphatically as to preclude all recourse to chicanery."

The attempted capture of Maine shows that the Democratic party is prepared to use any means that may enable it to gain possession of the Executive Department, with its limitless opportunities of expenditure and patronage.

We may reasonably anticipate events which will strain our institutions to the utmost, and lead to dangers which no lover of his country can contemplate without the gravest alarm. To avert these dangers it is not enough that our candidate shall be fairly and honestly elected; his majority must be such that no pretext can it be set aside. For this, every vote is needed and every voter should use his influence to arouse his friends to the necessity of vigorous and united action. If with such a candidate as Gen. Garfield, nominated under the most favorable auspices, we shall fail, we may well fear the result of any effort in the future to present the decadence of our public life.

It is, moreover, of high importance that a Republican Executive should be supported by a Republican House of Representatives, in order to uphold financial honesty and industrial prosperity, and with proper effort a working majority in Congress may be easily regained. The power which makes and unmakes parties and regulates our national policy lies in the hands of that comparatively small number of voters who cast their ballots on either side, or who abstain from voting, as their sense of duty dictates. To this conscience vote we confidently appeal, believing that every patriotic motive requires that it should earnestly and zealously support the Republican electoral ticket.

By order of the Executive Committee.

TWENTY POUNDS OF POWDER

And the Wreck It Made in a New York Office.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The explosion of a 20 pound keg of powder in the office of the Dittmar Powder Company, 24 Park Place, completely demolished the windows and partitions of the office, made a rent 10 feet long in the wall separating the office from the hall, destroyed several valuable pictures, considerably damaged the ceilings, and perfectly pulverized a small iron safe upon which the keg had stood. The office happened to be singularly open in front and rear, hence the building was not brought to the ground.

Manager Parker said he was sitting at his desk in the outer office when he heard a cry of fire. He immediately proceeded to ascertain the cause, and saw a paper burning within an inch of the keg of powder. Observing there was no possible chance of extinguishing the flames, he called upon the clerks to run. They did so, and were assisted to the street, when they reached the door, by the force of the explosion. Only one person was injured by the flying glass and splinters. The manager thinks that some person entered the room where the powder was stored, lighted a cigar, and threw the paper on the floor.

The President at Yale.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., July 1.—At the Yale Alumni meeting this afternoon, President Hayes said: "Mr. President and gentlemen. It is my first duty, I think to offer sincere acknowledgments to the faculty of Yale College, to the graduates of Yale, and to the friends of Yale here assembled, for the most gratifying way in which I have been welcomed by you. I also wish to thank the citizens of New Haven for the way in which they have received me, not for anything personal in me, but as the representative of a nation which we all love so much. (Applause.) There is no doubt but that every administration this country has known has been indebted to a great extent, to Yale College. There is no doubt that in the future every good government, or every government which aims at being a good one, will owe the same debt. Perhaps, however, there is no administration more deeply in debted to Yale than the present. You will perhaps recall the exciting events of four years ago, during the embarrassing period which intervened between the election and the decision as to who should be the incumbent of the Presidential chair. I was much embarrassed, for it was plainly to be seen that if the trust and responsibility of the station was to develop upon me, it would not be a very easy one over a smooth sea of undertakings. Therefore, when I thought the responsibility might develop upon my shoulders, I say the first thought was what is the paramount duty I shall have to perform and how can it be done. It seemed to me that pacification of the country was the first duty. I know there were good and true people who failed to see it as I do but I saw the necessity of doing something to restore the confidence of the whole people, and bring the country the rest and repose it so sadly needed. Seeing this as my first duty, I asked what can I do to assure all that this would be my first duty. This had been done in the party platforms and in the letters of acceptance framed in high sounding words and sentences. What was required by the people, however, was some distinct, unmistakable and palpable act. (Applause.) I thought I might find in the South some man of the highest character, who had been against me through the long and bitter struggle, and who, therefore, had the entire confidence of the Southern people. I favored no great politics I saw. The suggestion was made that this course might possibly lead to a solution of the difficulties. While I was pondering what to do and what course to pursue, there came to me, like a flash from the clear sky, the thought of Yale and the venerable President whom we almost worship. (Applause.) Without drifting into a sphere, I will say that I wrote to him, and then followed implicitly Pres. Woolsey's advice. (Renewed applause.) All may not have been followed and resulted as I or any one else hoped, but in following his advice, I think I found a true key to the solution." (Long continued applause.)

The President then mentioned some of the distinguished sons of Yale who held responsible positions under the administration.

Policeman—"What do you mean, fighting here, sir?" Bruiser—"I wasn't fighting." Policeman—"What d'ye have your coat off for, then?" Bruiser—"Well, you see, I knew there was going to be a row, and I had my mind made up to run away from it, and I never could run worth a cent with my coat on."

THE SNY LEVEE.

The Damage Not So Great as Was Expected—No Loss of Life.

HANNIBAL, Mo., July 2.—It was hoped that the waters have done their worst on the bottom opposite here, but, contrary to expectation, the river rose two inches to-day. It is stationary above, however, and a decline is looked for at once. There are no new breaks in the levee, and the weak place at the east end of the bridge is strengthened and now considered safe. Dispatches state that much of the land in the vicinity of the crevasses is still above water, and a considerable portion of the wheat will be saved undamaged. The reports of loss of life and sweeping away of houses are untrue. The Clipper Herald of this morning says: The break in the levee below here proves very destructive, the damage amounting to several hundred thousand dollars. It is estimated that one-fifth of the crops on the bottom was a total loss. Those operating the farms on what are known as the low lands, those which would be subject to overflow every year, but for the levee, have lost all their crops and considerable fencing. Little or no live stock has been drowned, owners having driven it to places of safety before the levee broke. The damages in the vicinity of the crevasse and along the line of the current of water flowing down the bottom are about equal to those on the old Walker farm, which contains 1,040 acres, and which was purchased a few months ago by A. W. Pettibone and A. J. Sellers, of this City. This farm was worked by tenants, and the loss is about as follows: Amons Stout, 3,000 bushels of wheat, 80 acres of corn; Settles & Pettibone's in crops, 3,000 bushels of wheat, 250 acres of corn; Thomas Newton, 80 acres of corn; Mr. Wooster, 55 acres of wheat and 60 acres of corn; Mr. Burns, 200 acres of wheat and 40 acres of corn. There are a little over 100 000 acres protected by the Sny levee, instead of 250 000, as stated last night.

ARISTOCRAT VS. PLEBEIAN.

Hancock, the Aristocratic Soldier, as Opposed to the Self-made Garfield—How the Former has Long Posed for a Democratic Figurehead—A Puppet Whose Wires Were Pulled by Jere Black.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—"It will be a contest," said an old West Pointer and Democrat, and an army friend of Gen. Hancock, "it will be a contest between a West Pointer and a volunteer soldier; between a man born in the midst of aristocratic surroundings, in a family of influence, and a man born among the people; between a man who has been fed and educated by the Government and who is a mere soldier, though a man of magnificent valor, and a man who has fought his way to the front through hard knocks, and who has a reputation throughout the civilized world as an eminent statesman as well as a brave and distinguished volunteer soldier, and I say this with the greatest admiration for that brave soldier and true gentleman, Winfield Scott Hancock, but it is useless now to deny what will be apparent before the campaign has far advanced, that the Democrats have chosen an aristocrat, and one who has always been an army officer, to contest for the great prize with a man who has risen from the humblest classes, who taught himself to read and write after he was 16 years of age, and who has pushed himself by his own merits to the front rank, both as a citizen and statesman."

This comment by an old army officer upon the ticket is the kind of talk one hears in confidential circles, and of which the people will hear much more before the campaign is ended. The books show little of Gen. Hancock's record. He has been so long an office seeker that he has been careful to make as little record as possible, except in a few instances where, after shrewd coaching by his Presidential trainers, he has passed before the country as a great constitutional lawyer, as a lover of liberty, and as an indignant protester against the laws which he had been appointed to execute, and against the authority which he had sworn to obey.

From a great variety of sources, however, I have been able to gather some facts as to the Democratic Presidential nominee, which has not appeared in the Democratic press, and which will not find place in the Democratic campaign documents. Winfield Scott Hancock was born in Pennsylvania of parents who, if not wealthy, were persons of political influence, for in those days of slave dominion none but sons of rich men or of persons of considerable importance could receive appointments at West Point. General Hancock went with General Grant to Mexico, and when they returned General Grant forever afterward is reported to have considered Gen. Hancock with extreme aversion. It is generally known among the old soldiers and army men that the personal dislike of Grant to Hancock practically amounted to hatred. After the war of the rebellion Hancock entered upon his career as an office seeker. Up to that time he had not developed any ability as a constitutional lawyer, or secured any reputation as a political thinker. No public utterance of his would warrant any conclusion that he was a statesman, or was in fact anything more than a soldier, but under Andrew Johnson Hancock appeared as a politician of the Andrew Johnson school, and from that time forward generally obeyed the orders of his superiors with a protest.

One of his first and most notable appearances was when he appeared in the South and wrote his noted letter to Gen. Pease. Persons thoroughly familiar with Gen. Hancock's movements at that time say that they have reason to believe that every word of that letter was written by Jere Black, of whose political sentiments hearty and that most all of his pronouncements with which he made ing for the Democratic nomination, and sought generally to promote his political prospects were either written or inspired by that eminent Democratic statesman. Indeed, persons familiar with Hancock's political manœuvres express the opinion that Judge Black, who is now in Europe will take the next return steamer and be here before Gen. Hancock writes his letter of acceptance.

CRAZED BY THIRST.

The Terrible Suffering of a Texas & Pacific Railroad Corps.

GALVESTON July 1.—A News' special from Fort Stockton says: Major R. J. Lawrence and corps of the Texas & Pacific Railroad, after a number of days extreme suffering from thirst in the White Sand Hills, arrived at Pecos River without loss of life. Some stock and wagons were abandoned at different intervals for 40 miles. Those first arriving at the river went in search of the others. A member, when found, crazed by thirst, had entirely stripped himself. They were found within 100 yards of the river drinking the blood of animals they had slain. Some men were almost blind. Arriving at the river they plunged in head foremost, and but for the bravery of the more experienced, a large number would have perished.

INGERSOLL'S OPINION.

The Democratic Ticket Growing Weaker Daily.

WASAINGTON, June 28.—Colonel Robert Ingersoll said to day that he considered Hancock weaker to day than when nominated, and that he would be weaker three months hence than now. The Democratic ticket was composed of a dign and copperas, Hancock representing the blue. The Republicans would fight the Democratic party and not Hancock, and they would begin the campaign in Maine, and carry it on success fully till victory rewarded them in November.

Slander.

Boston Post.

The hog is Cincinnati's National bird, and when a Cincinnatian is invited out to dinner and wishes to compliment the hostess on her feed, it is considered very rest for him to remark that her hogs have a splendid mess of swill ahead of 'em.

Chicago Tribune.

Editorial November 16, 1879.

"One thing should be thoroughly understood by readers. It is the fact that a newspaper vouches simply for the nature of the matter furnished by its persons. This, of course, does not preclude the publication of extravagant and even unwarranted statements; a proper apprehension of this fact might often prevent such experiences as have led to a wholesale and unjust denunciation of the advertising public. That in this age of progress and invention much which seems doubtful upon its face is in reality founded upon fact would appear from the following. The wonderful results said to have been secured by an article now very generally before the public led a *Tribune* reporter to make numerous interviews, the results of which are herewith given: Mr. D. B. Cooke, who was at one time a member of the extensive book and stationery establishment of Keen, Cooke & Co., of this City, but who is at present the purchasing agent of the American Express Company, was visited in his private office in the building of that concern on Monroe street. Mr. Cooke said that he would gladly bear testimony to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in a very stubborn case of rheumatism. The patient was a very elderly lady, and had such decided objections to publicity of any kind that she would not allow her name to be published. She had suffered for years from inflammatory rheumatism, and had spent a large amount of money on medicine and medical attendance. Hearing of the St. Jacobs Oil, she requested Mr. Cooke to get her a bottle of it, and he did so. The relief obtained was almost instantaneous, and the old lady (her age 81 years) a day or two ago stated that she felt so strong and lively that, if she had a mind to, she could dance with as much ease as when she was a girl. The reporter expressed a very strong desire to publish the name of the old lady, but

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

The Cleveland Leader publishes the following on June 30th: "Gen. Garfield is daily receiving a large number of letters from friends in all parts of the country, and though he has several secretaries and a stenographer at his service, he is unable to answer all promptly. He wishes his friends to understand that all letters requiring answers will receive attention as early as possible." He mailed 109 letters this afternoon.

Sec. Sherman says there is no authority for the published statement that the Treasury Department will suspend its weekly purchases of bonds after July 1.

A Washington dispatch says the Secretary of the Treasury has instructed the Assistant United States Treasurer at New York, to purchase $1,000,000 United States bonds for sinking fund.

A dispatch says the public debt statement issued July 1, shows a decrease for the month of June of $10,214,424, which includes $8,375,934 fractional currency estimated to be lost or destroyed and applied to the payment of arrears of pensions, per act of June 21, 1879. Cash in the Treasury, $201,088,662; gold certificates, $8,004,020; silver certificates, $12,374,270; certificates of deposit outstanding, $14,465,000; refunding certificates, $1,367,000; legal tenders outstanding, $346,681,016; fractional currency outstanding, $7,214,954.

A Washington dispatch says the Secretary of the Treasury has returned to the Treasury $1,000,000 of the unexpended balance of the appropriation for refunding the National debt, and $2,000,000 of the unexpended balance of the appropriation for collecting the revenue from customs for the last year, being amounts saved by the Department out of the sums authorized to be expended by law.

MAST.

At New Haven, Conn., July 5, the Greenback State Convention nominated for Governor Henry C. Baldwin; Lieutenant-Governor, F. S. Sterling; Secretary of State, L. D. Finney; Treasurer, Thomas E. Ryan; Comptroller, H. R. Wright. Resolutions were passed, repudiating any attempt to bring about a coalition with either of the Democratic or Republican party. The platform endorses the action of the Chicago Labor Greenback party convention.

At New York, July 4, at a meeting of the United Labor League of America, held in this city, a committee was appointed to arrange a call for a Convention of delegates of the organization to be held in New York September 14, for the purpose of declaring formally in favor of the Republican or Democratic nominee for President of the United States.

WENT

At Cincinnati, July 1, Gen. R. R. Dawes was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Fifteenth Ohio District.

The Denver Col.. Tribune's Santa Fe special of June 30th says news just received from Ejasso, states that between the 21st and 23d of June, Victoria's Apaches attacked San Lorenzo and Gov. Louis Terrass's ranches, of Chicushua, stealing over 100 head of horses from San Lorenzo. They then went 30 miles west of Santa Clare, where they captured another 100 herd of horses, killing some Mexicans at each place. Gov. Terrass, with about 200 Federal Mexican soldiers and a large body of volunteers is on their trail. Victoria's band being remounted may be expected any moment back into New Mexico. Troops are being rapidly moved forward.

At San Francisco, July 4 a stormy meeting was held at the sand lots, the Greenback and Democratic wings of the workingmen assembling in close proximity. A cross fire of cheers and groans was kept up, and at the close the Democratic faction made a rush for Kearney amid cries of "hang him," etc. He was protected by the police, hustled into a hack and driven off.

FOREIGN

Great Britian.

At London, July 1, in the House of Commons, Sir Charles Dilke confirmed the statement that the Plenipotentaries at Berlin had arrived at a unanimous agreement in regard to the Greek frontier. He said it has not yet been decided how to communicate their decision to the Porte and to Greece.

It is said the action of the House of Commons on Premier Gladstone's resolution permitting Bradlaugh to affirm, has given great satisfaction to the supporters of the Government.

It is believed the Government has information which renders it very desirous of compensation for disturbance in Ireland. The bill should become law. They know that in distressed districts evictions cannot be enforced during the coming autumn and winter without producing terrible events, and that in the absence of such law the responsibility will be much greater than the Ministers have thought proper to state to the House of Commons.

Russia.

At St. Petersburg a report of Orlinsky sent to examine into the cause of agricultural success in the United States, will shortly be published. Orlinsky lays stress upon the facilities for transportation and shipment of grain in the United States, but draws no conclusions and makes no practical suggestions. Gen. Greig has been summoned to supply the deficiency.

The St. Petersburg Berg foreshadows that amnesty to political offenders abroad, which would extend only to such as are soliciting permission to return, is the coming measure attributed to Gen. Loris Melikoff.

France.

A Paris dispatch says throughout the provinces June 30, the Jesuits quitted their establishments under protest, declaring they only yielded to compulsion. At Avignon and Marseilles their sympathizers were somewhat disorderly. At Lyons and Angiers the Jesuits have constituted themselves as civil societies, and the question thus raised will be decided by the Courts on the 2d of July.

South America.

Matters in Buenos Ayres have again assumed an unfavorable aspect owing to the refusal of Buenos Ayres to accede to the conditions imposed by the National Government, and Buenos Ayres continues to make warlike preparations, and receives arms and ammunition from Montevideo, notwithstanding the blockade.

Turkey.

A London dispatch from Constantinople says the Sultan and Ministers have finally determined not to accept the recommendations of the Berlin Conference. Mahmoud Nadir Pasha, now identified with the English party, was the only Minister who counselled the acceptance of the proposals of the Conference. A strong party is in favor of sending an immediate declaration of war to Athens if the Greeks effect any military concentration on the frontier.

TO THE FAR WEST.

First Party Sent by the Brooklyn Colonization Society.

NEW YORK, July 4.—A meeting of the Brooklyn Co-operative Colonization Society was held Wednesday evening at No. 13 Hoyt street, Brooklyn, to bid farewell to the first party of emigrants which goes out under the auspices of the Society. Ten families will soon depart for Zaconia, on Puget Sound, Washington Territory. They will settle under the Homestead Law. All were persons who had lived in Brooklyn for some time. At the meeting Miss Linda Gilbert presented a flag to the persons who embark in the enterprise. Addresses were made by Dr. Van der Weyde, Professor in the New York Medical College, and one of the incorporators of the society, and by ex-Gov. Arny, of New Mexico.

Niles, Mich., Heard From.

Larimore & Dean, druggists (20 years in business) write us that Day's Kidney Pad gives better satisfaction than any remedy they ever sold.

RECEIVER'S ACCOUNTS.

An Examination into the Affairs of the Philadelphia & Reading Companies.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.—The Masters appointed by the United States Circuit Court in the case of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, Coal and Iron Companies filed their first report. They say the Receiver's accounts as to the Railroad Company from May 25th to June 12th, inclusive, has been examined and found nearly correct. The account of the Coal and Iron Company from May 25th to June 23d was examined and found correct. The account of the Railroad Company shows: Receipts, $2,719,014; balance on hand, $151,803; payments for wages, salaries and contingent expenses, $862,602; and for interest etc., $1,856,412. The account of the Coal and Iron Company shows: Receipts $417,043; payments for wages, interest, etc., $406,194; balance on hand, $10,849.

REBEL UTTERANCES

A Kentucky Orator at a Democratic Ratification Meeting—"I Was a Rebel and Would Have Gone South, but was Arrested."

NEW ALBANY, Ind., July 3.—At the Democratic ratification meeting in this City last night the President of the meeting introduced to the audience Mr. Ormsby, late of the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky." Mr. Ormsby proceeded to address the crowd. He said he was proud that he was a Kentuckian and a Southerner. He wished to pledge to the Democracy of New Albany millions of votes for our grand candidates. His father led the Louisville Legion in the Mexican war, and taught him to love the flag. He wanted to go South when the war broke out, but was arrested. I was a rebel. The Union was now as dear to Southerners as to the North, and I am now a citizen of Indiana by choice. Let me beseech you to vote, and vote early and vote often. I believe you all should do your duty and will do it, and again I beseech you to vote early and vote often."

There were some of the expressions of Mr. Ormsby, and, strangely enough, they were loudly cheered by the Democrats to whom they were addressed.

THE SPANISH DIFFICULTY.

It is Considered with other Matters by the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—At a Cabinet meeting to-day some discussion arose regarding the recent firing into American schooners off the Cuban coast. The information received at the Department of State from the Spanish Government is that there is no such Spanish vessel as the "Nuncio," and authorities state that the Government is inclined to the impression that the vessel which overhauled the American schooner was run by pirates.

Some time was devoted to considering the different candidates for the position of District Attorney at St. Louis, but no conclusion was reached. The question of Ex-Governor Hartranft not having yet accepted the Collectorship of Philadelphia was discussed. It was thought he would be heard from within a day or two.

THE PORTE'S DEFENSE.

What is Said in Extenuation of Turkey's Omission and Commission.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 5.—"La Turquie" in an article believed to be directly inspired by the Cabinet, published an elaborate defense of the action of Government with regard to the treaty of Berlin. It says the Porte's negotiations with Greece were frustrated by the inordinate pretensions of the latter, and the delay in the Montengrin question is owing to circumstances over which the Porte has no Control.

The Sultan is anxious to introduce reforms, but cannot do so owing to the uncertain condition of the Country. The article then accuses Europe of failing to execute its obligations towards Turkey. It charges that the Sultan has not been put in possession of the Balkans; Bulgaria has not been forced to demolish her fortresses. The Bulgarian tribute and Servia portion of the Ottoman debt has not been fixed.

TERRIBLE FIGHT.

Four Persons Fatally Wounded and 25 Injured.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, July 6.—Reliable information from Troy Mills, a small Village in this County, gives details of a terrible fight during the celebration last Saturday. The cause of the fight in which over 300 persons were engaged in, was bad blood engendered several years ago involving a tax for a railroad. The row began by the Marshal of the day striking a man for insulting a woman, and the blow was the signal for a free fight, lasting two hours, in which every conceivable weapon was used. The result was, four men probably fatally wounded and the serious injury of twenty-five others. The Irish element were the aggressors and were fully worsted. The best citizens of Troy Mills participated.

TROUBLE IN GEORGIA.

Arrest of Several Revenue Officers for Shooting a Man.

WASHINGTON, July 6 — Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum received a telegram announcing the arrest under state process of several Deputy Collectors, engaged in the Red-Oak affair, Campbell County, Georgia, in which one of the party was killed by the revenue officers who allege, the firing on their part was in self-defense. Gen. Raum, after conferring with Attorney-General Devens, telegraphed the Assistant District Attorney to appear in behalf of the revenue officers who are under arrest and to take writs of habeas corpus with a view to transferring the cases to the court.

CROPS DAMAGED

In Illinois and Minnesota by Heavy Rains.

CHICAGO, July 2.—Frequent and heavy showers throughout the Northwest have already greatly damaged the harvest of wheat and impeded the cultivation of corn and hay making. In Central Illinois last night there were heavy rains, which damaged the grain already cut, and made it impossible to get into the ripening fields for some days, unless the weather clears and remains dry. Damage equal to that of two years ago may result. Unfortunate reports from Minnesota are received, but not verified as yet.

Obituary.

NEW YORK, July 4.—George Ripley, LL. D., President of the Tribune Association and literary editor of that paper, died this afternoon. He was born in Greenville, Mass., October 3, 1802, and graduated at Harvard in 1823. In 1826 he was graduated at Cambridge Divinity school, and subsequently was pastor of the old Purchase street Unitarian church in Boston. After spending some time on the continent of Europe in the study of German and French literature, in 1840-41 he, with R. W. Emerson and Margaret Fuller, edited the "Dial," transcendental magazine. He was the principal founder of the Brook Farm community in Roxbury, which created much interest in Europe and America, in which he spent a moderate fortune. He removed to New York in 1849 and became literary of the Tribune. He has also been for many years chief literary adviser of the firm of Harper and Bros. He projected and was the principal editor of the American Cyclopedia and in addition has done a vast amount of literary work.

"I Am All Played Out"

is a common complaint. If you feel so, get a package of Kidney-Wort and take it and you will at once feel its tonic power. It renews the healthy action of the kidneys, bowels and liver, and thus restores the natural life and strength to the weary body.

A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY.

What Hancock was Ready to do in March, 1877.

BOSTON, Mass., July 4.—The Montpelier *Watchman and State Journal*, having had its attention called to a report that Gen. Hancock expressed a purpose before the inauguration of Pres. Hayes to obey the orders of Samuel J. Tilden in the event that he took the oath of office as President on March 3, 1877, and assumed the functions of the Chief Magistracy, gives the following important statement relative thereto:

"Considerable interest has been manifested in a scrap of history reported to the Boston Globe by its correspondent in attendance upon the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati. The story of the reporter is to the effect that soon after the Electoral Commission had promulgated its decision Gen. Hancock wrote to Gen. Sheridan that he believed that Gov. Tilden had been elected President of the United States; and being so elected he had the right to take the oath of office elsewhere than at Washington, wherever he might be; that Gen Grant's term of office expired at midnight of the third of March, and if, after that hour, he received any orders from Mr. Tilden, as President of the United States, he should obey them.

"As is well known Mr. Tilden did not take the oath of office, and Gen. Hancock was not called upon to take the steps which he undoubtedly would have taken if called upon. I do not know if Gov. Tilden was ever apprised of this resolution of Gen. Hancock or not, but the publication now ought to apprise his friends among the delegates that he had no braver or more determined supporter than Hancock at the time when the great fraud was consumated."

The Boston Journal copied the above extract and commented on it editorially, discrediting the alleged bit of history, which, if true, would cast an imputation upon Gen. Hancock's loyalty to the Government under which he held an important command. In due time the above extract was read from that paper in the Village of Waterbury. Upon hearing it, a certain Democrat, who was present at the meeting of the Democratic State Committee held in Waterbury on the evening of April 1st, at which was present Gen. W. T. Smith, of New York, remarked, with an expression of interest: "Why, that's just what Baldy Smith said at the meeting here in April" The facts as narrated by this gentleman and corroborated by the statements of other persons who were present on that occasion would seem to indicate that Gen Smith is the author of the above astounding statement of Gen. Hancock's intention in a certain contingency, and that this bit of secret history was first divulged in a Democratic conclave at Waterbury, where Gen. Hancock's candidacy received its first important impulse.

That this incident did not appear in the published reports of that meeting is explained by the fact that an injunction of secrecy in regard to it was placed upon the reporters. Of the fact that Gen. Smith made this or a similar statement in regard to Hancock at this meeting, there would seem no one to doubt, and it was evidently regarded as enhancing his qualifications for the position to which the Democracy have since nominated him.

The English Grain Market.

LONDON, July 5.—The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade of the past week, says: "The weather has been fairly seasonable and crops have made further steady progress, though advices relative to osts are somewhat variable. The supply of English wheat is very small, but it is difficult to sell, though holders willingly offered concession of one and sometimes two shillings per quarter. Imports of foreign wheat have not been excessive, though granary stocks are reduced to an almost unprecedented point. Yet as long as arrivals suffice to meet immediate wants of buyers, they can afford to disregard the present moderate extent of arrivals in confident anticipation of the future abundance, to which everything seems to point. The large continental demand has hitherto been the chief influence in favor of sellers, but as the French harvest is now almost due, continental needs must soon cease to affect the situation. In short, the weather, despite some rain has been too fine for trade. Wheat declined one shilling to two shilling on the week. Even Russian has fallen despite the extreme scarcity. Business of all description is very limited. Maize remains at 28 shillings and six pence for ex-ship ment arrivals. At ports of call there was a moderate business, but quiet, with a declining tendency until Friday, when 49 shillings was accepted for red winter cargos. Since then, in consequence of broken weather, a moderate business was done in red winters at 49s 6d for continental and 49s to 49s 3d for United Kingdom, with more cargos of maize on coast prices declined 1s 6d and 2s per quarter. Very little business was done in wheat for shipment until the end of the week, when low prices brought buyers. Trade closes at an improvement of six pence from the lowest point. There is a moderate inquiry for maize at a decline of about six pence per quarter.

Appointments.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—J. S. Bigler has been appointed United States District Attorney for Georgia, vice H. P. Farrow; Roland B. Kinne, of Milesburg, Centre County, Pa., Register of Land Office at Takima, Washington Territory; James E. Wharton, Surveyor of Customs at Portsmouth, O.; Andrew J. Dumont, Naval Officer at New Orleans, vice James Lewis, suspended; J. Mason Rice, Collector of Customs at St. Mary's, Ga., vice Thomas M. Blodgett, suspended.

Literary Recluses.

Chambers's Journal.

Mr. Ryan, librarian of the Kilkenny Library Society, made books his idols, denying himself every luxury and not a few necessaries in order to add to his collection the well-furnished library of which he was custodian being insufficient to satisfy his literary cravings. He lived in the upper part of the society's premises, but admitted no one to enter his rooms for any purpose whatever. On his sudden death, in 1866, their privacy was perforce invaded. His bedroom, or what passed for such, was found to contain nothing in the way of furniture save an old sofa, which had served him for a bed, upon which lay a pair of old blankets, his sole nightly covering. Piles of books were heaped up promiscuously in every direction. So in his sitting room, there was scarcely space to move for dust covered volumes, of which the owner had apparently made very little use, contented, like many another collector, with merely having acquired them.

A wealthy eccentric living in a French provincial Town was not open to that reproach. He dwelt alone in a secluded house, admitting no one but a charwoman, who prepared his meals, and a news agent, who brought him 30 or 40 journals at a time. One day even they could not obtain admission, and the police were called upon to intervene. Upon entering the solitary bedroom in the house—a room as squalid as it well could be—the recluse was found dead on the bed, which could only be reached by passing through a ravine, the sides of which were composed of thousands of newspapers and novels, whose perusal had been the sole delight and occupation of his wasted life.

THE symptoms of worms are well known but they frequently occur when there are no worms; and when vermifuge and worm confection have all failed. Denig's Worm Syrup is sure to cure.

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son with 80,000 head of cattle. "Papa, dear," exclaimed his daughter, when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you, Charley's awful fond of ox-tail soup."

An Impartial Verdict.

A correspondent of the New York *Nation* in the last issue undertakes in a laboured discussion to show that Gen. Garfield was a conscious participator in the Credit Mobilier operation, and that he knowingly received dividends on its stock. The *Nation* takes up the charge against Garfield and very effectually disposes of it as follows:

1. We think Garfield *did* receive $300. That Ames thought he would eventually take the stock, we infer from his (Ames's) holding on to it so long; but that his expectation was not strong we infer from his admitted failure to offer it to Garfield, or to pay him or offer to pay him any of the dividends which accrued on it after the $329 (June 1868) although he did pay these dividends to others during this period. Ames's understanding or expectation, however, does not bind Garfield unless there was something said or done by Garfield to support it. We find nothing of this kind. On the contrary, Garfield acted during this period in his management of his affairs as if he had no money or money's worth in Ames's hands, and expected nothing from him, and Ames acknowledged that during this period (1868 to 1872) he had received no communication from Garfield with regard to the stock or dividends (Poland Report, p. 296). We are therefore driven to the conclusion either that Garfield did not understand that he owned the stock and was entitled to the dividends, or that he is so peculiarly constituted that he, being a poor man, preferred borrowing money to using his own funds As regards the "especial memorandum or general list," which our correspondent thinks of such importance, it is easily disposed of. In the first place Ames acknowledged that he had at the time of these transactions no book-keeper, and used "to keep all his own matters in his own way, very carelessly, he admitted." In the next place, the names were put down before payment, "he thought,"—"about the time of pay ment, probably before;" so that the list was really a list of persons whom he expected to have to pay. He put crosses against the names of those he had paid. Garfield's being one of those thus marked; but he would naturally have done this on cashing the check when he says he intended for Garfield. But what sort of evidence is this? How would it work if every man's reputation were held at the mercy of memoranda in another man's pocket-book, and if A.'s drawing money on his own check for B.'s intended benefit, without any sign of B.'s cognizance, were to be taken as proof that B. got the money.

2. We conclude that Garfield did *not* receive the $329, (1) because Ames had no receipt to show for it, although he had taken receipts for stock and dividends from five other members; (2) because he said he paid it by check, but the check produced was not made payable to Garfield's order, nor did it, as in three other cases, bear any initials or memorandum, or sign of any kind connecting Garfield with it. Moreover, the memorandum book gives this payment as made on the 19th of June, whereas the check is dated the 22d of June. Ames first said he paid this dividend "in money;" he then said he "presumed" it had been paid by check; a week later he said he "could not tell" who had the benefit of this check" (p. 353); that he had no idea whether he received the money on it or not;" that "he might have drawn the money and handed it to another person;" that "he had no memory as to that particular check;" and, finally, "that he was not sure how he paid Mr. Garfield" (Report, pp. 353 4). Later still he said that "He put Mr. Colfax's initials on the check, while he put no initials on Mr. Garfield's, and he might have drawn the money himself" (p. 471). The cashier of the Sergeant-at-Arms was also examined, and swore "that he had no doubt himself that he paid that (the check in question) to Mr. Ames."

Garfield published in the newspapers at once the letter he wrote to Ames with Ames's endorsement on it, and this appeared before Ames's testimony about it. Garfield fully explained in his pamphlet the circumstances which led him to send Ames the $400. It was due to a report brought him in the House that Ames had just testified before the Committee that the loan "was $400 and not $300, and that he had never been repaid." Garfield in a moment of excitement rushed off and sent him a check for $400 with an indignant letter. The report was untrue and Ames returned the money. This was an indiscretion on Garfield's part, but we cannot see any sign of guilt in it. He was not summoned before the Committee for examination as to this part of Ames's testimony, and any one who reads it can easily see why. He gave full explanations on the points raised by it in his pamphlet. We quite agree with our correspondent that the burden of proof in the case of a candidate for high office accused of dishonorable conduct lies on the candidate and his friends. On the other hand, the laws of proof are the same in the case of a candidate as of any other man. We have no right to balance probabilities in judging a candidate in a way which we should consider unfair or untrustworthy in judging a private individual, and we repeat that, in coming to a conclusion about a transaction affecting any man's reputation, of which two explanations are possible, we are bound to take account of the general tenor of his life and character; in other words no charge is equally probable against all men. Finally, let us add that if inability to refute *completely* any charge brought were to be held fatal to a man's fitness for the Presidency, no man in the United States would ever get the office. The independent voters, on whom Gen. Garfield must largely depend for his success, will, we are sure, judge his record rationally and calmly, as they would any other matter, without being carried off their feet in either direction by the usual campaign fosm.

Prince Roland Bonaparte.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, it is announced, is going to marry the daughter of the late M. Blanc, the famous proprietor of the gaming tables at Monaco. As the bride's sister married Prince Raczivill, the daughters of the old gambler may be considered as having now their fair share of luck. Blanc died immensely rich, and his daughters were esteemed the best matrimonial catches in Europe. It is said that they are as good and beautiful as they are wealthy, and since the younger branches of the Bonsparte are famous for their lack of money, Prince Roland ought to be happier in his matrimonial venture than was his father, Prince Pierre, who married a seamstress without the consent of Napoleon III., and had to submit to having his marriage declared null. After Napoleon's fall Prince Pierre again married his wife in Brussels, and thus legitimized the children which had been born to him in the meantime. Roland is, therefore, a Prince of the house of Bonaparte, though his uncle Cardinal Lucien Bonsparte, refuses to recognize him as such. He is a Sub-Lieutenant of the Thirty-sixth French Regiment of infantry.

Hancock Boom Subsiding.

From the New York Times.

It is evident that the Democratic "boom" which had its impulse in the Cincinnati Convention has already begun to subside. Unless something is done to revive it, the spurt of enthusiasm called forth by the nomination of Hancock will end ignobly. This candidate was undoubtedly stronger on the day of the adjournment of the Convention than he is to-day—stronger than he ever will be again.

Accounted For.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

"Was Hoadley a good presiding officer?" asked a citizen of a delegate, and when the delegate replied, "Well, Hoadley ever," an enraged populace jumped upon him and tore him limb from limb, which accounts for one vote short at subsequent sessions of the Convention.

—If you want to have a good appetite and enjoy health, take "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

State of Trade Between Canada and the United States.

New York Graphic.

The trade between Canada and the United States amounts annually to many millions of dollars. Thus far in the history of the two countries the balance of trade has generally remained in favor of the United States, but for the fiscal year of 1878-79 the decrease of imported goods from this country to Canada threatens to reduce the balance of trade in our favor to a mere fraction. The falling off in exports to the Dominion has occurred entirely in free goods. For the years 1878-79, they amounted to only $17,932,608 against $26 163 686 in 1877-78, a decrease of $6 231,018. The decline in our exports to Canada as compared with those of Great Britain shows for the past six years a decrease of 20 per cent. for the United States and 100 per cent. and over for Great Britain. Although for the past few years the exports of the United States have decreased in value, the quanity exported to Canada has actually increased as prices have fallen in that time some 24 per cent.

The cause inducing the advancing stagnation of our favorable trade with Canada may be attributed to the protective policy which was put into operation in that country in March, 1879. The details of this new tariff have been fully explained in the past, but those portions tending to the injury of this country are that all goods which can be successfully manufactured or produced in Canada are virtually debarred from importation, and that goods which can not be made in Canada are brought from Great Britain rather than from the United States. The probable effect of this tariff will be more deeply felt this years than heretofore, as during the last fiscal year it was in full operation only three and one half months. Under the national policy nearly all the articles now imported to Canada from this country will soon be produced there, owing to the similarity of climate, etc., but the importations from Great Britain will continue.

Canada's fisheries constitute one of her greatest industries, and the export trade in this staple is very large. The United States, notwithstanding the large sum paid for fishing privileges in Canadian waters, at present is the largest customer for her cured fish, and her purchases have been nearly double those of Great Britain.

The imports of horses, cattle and sheep into this country from Canada are assuming vast proportions, and are increasing yearly. The increase for the year 1878-9 over the preceding year was 2 881 horses, 3,061 cattle, and 22,751 sheep. The farmers of the Dominion are turning their attention more toward stock-raising.

The new tariff has made great changes in Canadian sugar duties, reducing the duty on raw sugar, and increasing the duty on refined sugar. The bounties or drawbacks in the United States are now rendered inoperative by the imposition of a duty on the actual value of the sugar, and in the future duties will be collected on drawbacks allowed by this country on refined sugars exported to Canada. The refined sugar importations into Canada from this country for 1878 75 amounted to 68,822,736 pounds, against 36 170,229 pounds the year preceding. This great increase was caused by the United States Government offering local refiners a drawback on all sugars exported and by the refusal of the Canadian Government to protect its own refining industries. This action on the part of the Dominion Government caused many of the leading sugar refineries to suspend, and for a time the almost total destruction of her sugar trade with the sugar-producing countries was imminent. Now, however, the situation is changed, and no doubt local refineries will meet home demands and our refined sugar exportations will be greatly impaired.

Trade on other staples between this country and Canada will no doubt continue as at present, without material decrease, but as to whether the balance of trade will remain in our favor under the operation of the new tariff is a question which will be decided in the near future.

Some Curious Old Documents.

Portland (Me.) Press.

Among the scores of curious things now on exhibition at the Broad Tavern are autographs of John Bancock, Gov. Brooks, of Massachusetts, William King, the first Governor of Maine, an autograph letter of Col. Thomas Wentworth, dated at Harra House, Falmouth, 1737, a bill of indictment of a woman for staying away from meeting three months, a petition signed by the legal number of citizens for a Parish meeting to see if the Parish would build a fortification around the residence of the Rev. Thos. Smith, the first minister of the first Parish of Portland; a bill of sale of a negro, a letter relating to love matters in North Yarmouth, and an order for two quarts of rum, as the sender had a gentleman visitor.

Cuticura

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER—Gentlemen: I have suffered over thirteen years with skin disease in my hands and limbs, causing constant irritation, depriving me of rest and attention to business. I sought relief from physicians here and elsewhere, also of sulphur baths, without permanent cure. Last May a physician called my disease Eczema Rodent; spots appeared on my hands, head and face, eyes became much inflamed and pain excited, causing at times impaired sight. Internal and external remedies were prescribed by a leading physician for six months, was then introduced to another, and a consultation of several leading physicians was had, when a definite plan was decided upon, *but all to no purpose.* After following advice for four months without any permanent cure, I bought two bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA, and some SOAP, and can testify with great pleasure to the effect they have had in my case, in eight days being nearly cured. The physicians pronounced my case the most aggravated one that has ever come under their experience and practice. I recommend and highly endorse the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Yours truly, F. B. DRAKE.

CLIFFORD ST. AND WOODWARD AV., DETROIT, MICH., Jan. 24, 1879.

SKIN HUMOR.

For 20 Years Entirely Cured.

Suffered for twenty years with scrofula, twenty years without finding any remedy or treatment that would cure it, until I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which in a short time and at a small expense, have entirely eradicated every trace of the disease, and I am entirely free from it. I therefore believe they will do all you advertise them to do.

Respectfully yours, JOS. W. ESTABROOK.

Boston, July 2, 1879.

SCALD HEAD

For Four Years Cured.

MRS. A. SWIFT, Everett, Mass., writes: "The CUTICURA REMEDIES cured my child of Scald Head, covering the scalp and lower part of the neck, of four years' duration, and which had resisted all the usual remedies.

THE CUTICURA SYSTEM

Of Treating Humors of the Blood, Skin and Scalp with Loss of Hair,

Is first the purification of the blood, through an enlightened action of the bowels, liver, kidneys skin, the natural purifiers of the body. Next, heal every external evidence of disease and restore the beauty, whiteness and softness of the skin and quantity and quality of the Hair. CUTICURA RESOLVENT is cathartic, diuretic, resolvent and absorbent. It purifies the blood, liver, kidneys and skin of every trace of blood poisons, inorganities the brain and nervous forces, and throws off disease. CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, arrests external disease, removes lifeless flesh and skin, allays irritation, heals sores, and destroys dreadful wounds, allays inflammation, itching and irritation, and heals. It is the sweetest, cleanest and best Hair Restorer and Beautifier in the world. CUTICURA SOAP, for cleansing, restoring and beautifying the skin, and for the toilet, bath and nursery, is unrivalled. It and the CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, the first and only medicinal soap prepared expressly for shaving, are prepared from CUTICURA.

CUTICURA REMEDIES,

For Blood, Skin and Scalp Humors,

Are prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington street, Boston, 21 Front street, Toronto, Ont., and 8 Snow Hill Leadon, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one-half times the quantity of small, $1. RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25 cents per cake. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15 cents per cake; in bars, for Barbers and large consumers, 50 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

Instantly Relieve Pain, Soreness and Weakness

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT

BLOOD PURIFIER!

Changes as Seen and Felt, as they Daily Occur, After Using a Few Doses.

1. Good spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, melancholy, increase and hardiness of flesh and muscles, etc.

2. Strength increases, appetite improves, relish for food, no more sour eructations of waterbrash, good digestion, calm and undisturbed sleep, awaken fresh and vigorous.

3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin looks clear and healthy; the urine changed from its turbid and cloudy appearance to a clear sherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the uretha without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; no pain or weakness.

4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges of albumen in that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength exhibited in the secreting glands, and functional harmony restored to the several organs.

5 Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.

6. These sufferings from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercles will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucus from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or windpipe, throat or head; diminishing the frequency of cough; general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and nausea; pain on top of head, darkness and dizziness, sense of suffocation, hard breathing and paroxysm of fear on retiring to bed, or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.

As day after day the RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN is taken, the following health will appear; as the blood improves in purity and strength disease will diminish, and all forms and impure deposits, moles, tumors cancers, hard lumps, etc., be resolved away, and the unsound made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, chronic skin diseases gradually disappear.

8. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, and Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

9. For those who require these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "Feed them and they will thrive," and the gradual lessening, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient never gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient "feel better" every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

The great power of this remedy is in diseases that threaten death, as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula in the Blood, Diseases, Wasting, Degeneration, and Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Instantaneous relief afforded where catheters have been employed, and in all cases of Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys.

In chronic cases of Leucorrhœa and Uterine Diseases.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much.

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S

Ready Relief

CURES AND PREVENTS

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Bowel Complaints,

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in 15 or 20 minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No convulsions, however violent or long-continued, or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or Prostrated, with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,
CHILBLAINS AND FROST BITES.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford immediate ease.

Thirty to sixty drops in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Sprains, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER and AGUE

FEVER AND AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S

Regulating Pills!

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE for CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs Before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Per